

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1071.—10 December, 1864.

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## BRYANT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

O EVEN-HANDED Nature ! we confess  
This life that men so honor, love, and bless  
Has filled thine olden measure. Not the less  
We count the precious seasons that remain ;  
Strike not the level of the golden grain,  
But heap it high with years, that earth may gain  
What heaven can lose,—for heaven is rich in song :  
Do not all poets, dying, still prolong  
Their broken chants amid the seraph throng,

Where, blind no more, Ionia's bard is seen,  
And England's heavenly minstrel sits between  
The Mantuan and the wan-checked Florentine ?

This was the first sweet singer in the cage  
Of our close-woven life. A new-born age  
Claims in his vesper song its heritage.

Spare us, oh, spare us long our heart's desire !  
Moloch, who calls our children through the fire,  
Leaves us the gentle master of the lyre.

We count not on the dial of the sun  
The hours, the minutes, that his sands have run ;  
Rather, as on those flowers that one by one

From earliest dawn their ordered bloom display  
Till evening's planet with her guiding ray  
Leads in the blind old mother of the day.

We reckon by his songs, each song a flower,  
The long, long daylight, numbering hour by hour,  
Each breathing sweetness like a bridal bow.

His morning glory shall we e'er forget ?  
His noontide's full-blown lily coronet ?  
His evening primrose has not opened yet ;

Nay, even if creeping Time should hide the skies  
In midnight from his century-laden eyes,  
Darkened like his who sung of paradise,

Would not some hidden song-bud open bright  
As the resplendent cactus of the night  
That floods the gloom with fragrance and with light ?

How can we praise the verse whose music flows  
With solemn cadence and majestic close,  
Pure as the dew that filters through the rose ?

How shall we thank him that in evil days  
He faltered never,—nor for blame, nor praise,  
Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier lays ?

But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,  
So to his youth his manly years were true,  
All dyed in royal purple through and through !

He for whose touch the lyre of heaven is strung  
Needs not the flattering toil of mortal tongue ;  
Let not the singer grieve to die unsung !

Marbles forget their message to mankind :  
In his own verse the poet still we find,  
In his own page his memory lives enshrined,  
As in their amber sweets the smothered bees,—  
As the fair cedar, fallen before the breeze,  
Lies self-embalmed amidst the mouldering trees.

Poets, like youngest children, never grow  
Out of their mother's fondness. Nature so  
Holds their soft hands, and will not let them go.

Till at the last they track with even feet  
Her rhythmic footsteps, and their pulses beat  
Twinned with her pulses, and their lips repeat

The secrets she has told them, as their own :  
Thus is the inmost soul of Nature known,  
And the rapt minstrel shares her awful throne !

O lover of her mountains and her woods,  
Her bridal chamber's leafy solitudes,  
Where Love himself with tremulous step intrudes,

Her snows fall harmless on thy sacred fire ;  
Far be the day that claims thy sounding lyre  
To join the music of the angel choir !

Yet, since life's amplest measure must be filled,  
Since throbbing hearts must be forever stilled,  
And all must fade that evening sunsets gild,

Grant, Father, ere he close the mortal eyes  
That see a Nation's reeking sacrifice,  
Its smoke may vanish from these blackened skies !

Then, when his summons comes, since come it  
must,

And, looking heavenward with unflinching trust,  
He wraps his drapery round him for the dust,

His last fond glance will show him o'er his head  
The Northern fires beyond the zenith spread  
In lambent glory, blue and white and red,—

The Southern cross without its bleeding load,  
The milky way of peace all fleshly strowed,  
And every white-throned star fixed in its lost abode !

—Atlantic Monthly.

## SALT AND FRESH.

Oh, I love the sailor !—indeed, I do,  
The sailor so blithe and free ;  
(Though a genuine salt I never knew,  
And none of the craft knows me.)

His life is the merriest life that floats,  
And a storm is his vital breath ;  
(You never catch me in one of his boats ;  
For a storm would scare me to death.)

Oh, sweet must it be in shrouds to cling  
When the hurricane shrieks in his ears !  
(Though I reckon it wouldn't be just the thing  
For a man of my habits and years.)

Oh, his purse, it is open to every lad,  
And his passion to every lass !  
(But his business habits are rather bad,  
And his morals—well, let them pass.)

He roves unfettered from land to land,  
Wins treasure from every sea ;  
(I wish he would visit the country, and  
Bring his beautiful things to me.)

And I guess he will, when he comes to learn  
How I have grown pale and thin  
In writing these wonderful verses, to earn  
Some beautiful things for him !

—Boatswain's Whistle.

J. G. H.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE CAMBRIDGE "APOSTLES."

BY W. D. CHRISTIE.

A WRITER in the July number of *Fraser's Magazine*, who has described most of the living judges of England, has, under a mistake about one of them, introduced an allusion to a Cambridge society to which, not by itself, the name of "Apostles" has been given. He says of Mr. Justice Blackburn that "he was educated at Eton and Trinity College, where he took a creditable degree in mathematics. His friends thought highly of him, and he was enrolled a member of the club or society called 'The Apostles,' which boasts of having worked wonders in the domains of thought and imagination. It may lay claim to a man of genius or two, and several men of talent, as having belonged to the fraternity; but as regards national thought or progress, its annals might be cut out of the intellectual history of England, without being missed."

Mr. Justice Blackburn was eighth wrangler in 1834, and was not a member of the society to which his name has served as a pretext for this allusion. His abilities are accredited to the world by something stronger than his college honors or the opinion of friends; for there is probably no more remarkable instance of a high appointment given entirely from disinterested conviction of ability and learning than the selection, by Lord Campbell, when lord chancellor, for the first judgeship he had to give, of Mr. Blackburn, a political opponent, known to him only as a member of the bar, and not suggested for promotion by precedence, for he was not a queen's counsel, or by popular opinion, for to the general public he was unknown. It so happens, however, that the learned judge did not belong to the fraternity which, according to this writer, "boasts of having worked wonders in the domains of thought and imagination," and whose annals, strange to say, though the writer asserts that it has comprised one or two men of genius and several of talent, might yet, he thinks, be "cut out of the intellectual history of England without being missed." The mistake has perhaps originated in a confusion with a younger brother of the judge, the Professor of Mathematics at Glasgow, who was a member of the society.

This society has existed for forty-four

years in the University of Cambridge. Its own name is *Conversazione Society*. It is limited in number to twelve actual members in residence, undergraduates or bachelors of arts. Hence the name of "Apostles," given at first in derision. Thirty years ago, the fame, then already considerable, of one, of whom few would now say that his works, if lost, would not be missed, or that he had not done wonders in the domains of thought and imagination,—the fame of Alfred Tennyson, and a band of his friends and contemporaries, all members of the society, among whom may be named Arthur Hallam, Milnes, Trench, and Alford, had made for the society in Cambridge a name which has never since departed from it. Poetry was not its sole or special pursuit. In 1834, the actual members had the advantage of the continued presence in Cambridge and friendly counsel and familiar companionship of a large number of college tutors and lecturers, who had taken high university honors, and had already, according to the rules of the society, become honorary members. Among these were W. H. Thompson, the present Regius Professor of Greek, Blakesley, now a Canon of Canterbury, Charles Merivale, the historian of Rome, G. S. Venables, and Edmund Lushington, the Professor of Greek at Glasgow. In this year, 1834, an agitation and controversy having arisen about the admission of Dissenters to degrees in the universities, and great fears having been expressed by Mr. Goulburn in the House of Commons, and by Dr. Turton, then Regius Professor of Divinity, in a pamphlet, of mischievous theological controversies among undergraduates, that giant in learning and intellect, Connop Thirlwall,—then an assistant-tutor of Trinity, soon after made Bishop of St. David's,—scouted the alarm with a reference and a tribute to the society. Addressing Dr. Turton, Mr. Thirlwall said, "If you are not acquainted with the fact, you may be alarmed when I inform you that there has long existed in this place a society of young men, limited, indeed, in number, but continually receiving new members to supply its vacancies, and selecting them by preference among the youngest, in which all subjects of the highest interest, without any exclusion of those connected with religion, are discussed with the most perfect freedom. But, if this fact is new to you, let me instantly dispel any ap-

prehension it may excite, by assuring you that the members of this society, for the most part, have been and are among the choicest ornaments of the university, that some are now among the ornaments of the church, and that, so far from having had their affections embittered, their friendships torn and lacerated, their union has been one rather of brothers than of friends."

Names have been mentioned which may already suggest that this society might have been spared the remarks by which an anonymous writer, led to mention it by mistake, has accompanied his admissions of praise. "It may lay claim to a man of genius or two, and several men of talent, but, as regards national thought or progress, its annals might be cut out of the intellectual history of England without being missed." Well, genius does not grow on hedgerows, and rare always have been the spirits which are, in Tennyson's words, "full-welling fountain-heads of change," governing national thought and progress.

Among those who, in academic youth, were members of this society, are three distinguished living ornaments of the House of Commons, to two of whom it has been given to be members of the cabinet, or again, as Tennyson says,—

"To mould a mighty State's decrees  
And shape the whisper of the throne,"

and the other of whom is one of our ablest parliamentary orators. The three are Mr. Walpole, Lord Stanley, and Mr. Horsman.

Of a fourth who attained eminence in public life, I will speak more at large; for death has closed his distinguished career, and in his last years I had peculiar opportunities of knowing him. The name of Charles Buller, by several resemblances,—by his wit, by his death at a moment when his fame was culminating and higher political honors had begun to come to him, by many qualities described in Burke's famous eulogy on Charles Townshend,—involuntarily recalls to mind that more eminent but less estimable politician. For of Charles Buller it might have been as truly said in the House of Commons, when he had ceased to adorn it, as it was said by Burke of Charles Townshend: "In truth, he was the delight and ornament of this house, and the charm of every private society which he honored with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor

in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit, and of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. If he had not so great a stock as some have had, who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better by far than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together within a short time all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skilfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite and vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the house just between wind and water." Burke qualified his praise of Townshend's judgment by a few words which I have omitted: "where his passions were not concerned." These words do not apply to Charles Buller, and here lay one point of superiority. Charles Buller, also, was not a trimmer or a waverer. He was an earnest, single-minded, consistent politician. It is believed that his political advancement was for some time retarded by the character which he had acquired of a joker; but whoever thought that under that bright, pleasant surface of playful humorlessness there was a character wanting in solidity or strength of purpose, was greatly mistaken. He was never a seeker of office; for a considerable time, indeed, while it was within easy reach, he avoided it. The secretaryship of the Board of Control was offered to him by Lord Melbourne, in 1839, when Lord Melbourne's government was strong, and he declined it. Later, in 1841, after Lord Melbourne's government had taken the first step towards free-trade by proposing a moderate fixed duty on corn, and the early fall of the ministry was certain, the very same office was offered to Charles Buller, and he accepted it, casting in his fortunes with a falling ministry. When the Liberal party returned to power in 1846, under Lord John Russell, as premier, Charles Buller was appointed judge-advocate. This is never a cabinet office, and many thought that there should have been then an ampler recognition of Charles Buller's abilities, long-tried political steadfastness, and self-made parliamentary standing. But his was not a grasping or self-asserting nature, and he himself was contented. He took the office of judge-advocate, but he

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declined its usual accompaniment, the rank of privy councillor. He was by profession a barrister, and had latterly been often employed in cases before the Privy Council, and he desired to retain the power, when he might lose his office, of practising as a barrister, which would have been contrary to rule or usage, if he were a privy councillor. And here appeared both the simplicity and the prudence of his character. He was the eldest of three children of a retired civil servant of the East India Company, who was still alive, and who indeed survived him; and, though he might have looked forward in the ordinary course of nature to a not remote possession of a fortune which to him, whose ways were frugal and unostentatious, would have been a complete competency, and though he had in his ready and happy pen a source of income on which from experience he might count, he preferred to waive a rank which is the general object of honorable ambition, that he might preserve the security of an additional means of pecuniary independence. He used to like to call himself a "political adventurer;" and, being not a man of wealth or title, but a man of talent and political convictions, he belonged to that class of "adventurers" from which the House of Commons and the great aristocratic parties of England have derived lustre,—the class of Burke, Sheridan, Canning, Horner, Praed, and Macaulay. In the autumn of 1847, he received from Lord John Russell an offer, which he declined, but the handsome terms of which gave him great satisfaction. It was the offer of the seat of Legislative Member of the Indian Council, which had been first held by Macaulay, and was then vacated by Mr. Cameron, whose term of office had expired. Lord John Russell wrote to him that he could not allow the office to be offered to any one else before giving him the refusal, and that it was with regret he should lose him from England, where high office must soon present itself for him. He was chiefly moved to decline this office by his unwillingness to separate himself from his father and mother, neither of whom, if he went to India, he could expect to see again. On the meeting of the new parliament in November, 1847, he was appointed president of the newly constituted Poor Law Board. In a short twelvemonth he was dead. His fame was rapidly ripening when he died at the

early age of forty-two. It had been finally arranged very shortly before his death that he should be made a privy councillor; but he died before he could be sworn in. The most eminent of all political parties joined to commemorate his worth and brilliancy by a bust, placed in Westminster Abbey, bearing an inscription written by one of his oldest and most admiring friends, another "Apostle," Richard Monckton Milnes. When Macaulay, excluded from the House of Commons in 1847, was reelected for Edinburgh in 1852, he referred in the speech which he addressed to his constituents to some of the eminent men who had vanished during his absence; and he began with Buller: "In parliament I shall look in vain for virtues which I loved, and for abilities which I admired. Often in debate, and never more than when we discuss those questions of colonial policy which are every day acquiring a new interest, I shall remember with regret how much eloquence and wit, how much acuteness and knowledge, how many engaging qualities, how many fair hopes, are buried in the grave of poor Charles Buller." Later, another distinguished politician and man of genius, reviewing the celebrities of St. Stephen's, has given Charles Buller a due place in his gallery of fame.

"Farewell, fine humorist, finer reasoner still,  
Lively as Luttrell, logical as Mill,  
Lamented Buller: just as each new hour  
Knit thy stray forces into steadfast power,  
Death shut thy progress from admiring eyes,  
And gave thy soul's completion to the skies."\*

Charles Buller, before he went to Cambridge, had been the pupil of one of our greatest writers and worthiest men, Thomas Carlyle, who always loves to speak of the fine endowments of his pupil, and who, immediately after his death, testified publicly to his virtues and capacity. The author dwelt characteristically on the truthfulness and simplicity of Charles Buller: "There shone mildly in his whole conduct a beautiful veracity, as if it were unconscious of itself: a perfect spontaneous absence of all cant, hypocrisy and hollow pretence, not in word and act only, but in thought and instinct. To a singular extent, it can be said of him, that he was a spontaneous, clear man. Very gentle, too, though full of fire;

\*"St. Stephen's, a Poem," known to be Sir E. B. Lytton's, though his name is not on the title-page.

simple, brave, graceful. What he did, and what he said, came from him as light from a luminous body, and had thus always in it a high and rare merit, which any of the more discerning could appreciate fully."\*

Is it not time that some friend should collect the scattered remains of Charles Buller's wit and wisdom, and present them to the world, with one of those memoirs with selected correspondence which in later times have made so numerous and valuable a department of historical biography?

This Cambridge society may feel a just pride in one whom all its members, from the oldest to the youngest, from the most distinguished to the humblest, regard with affection,—the poet, the excellent prose-writer, the temperate and thoughtful politician, who, with general public approval, has lately been made Lord Houghton. If Richard Monckton Milnes had not been a man of the world and busy politician, and if he had been able to concentrate his energies on poetry, and gird himself to the building up of some great poem, none who know what poetry he has written can doubt that it was in him to be a great poet; and none who know his "Life of Keats," or any of his many pamphlets and articles in reviews and magazines, will deny that he presents another example of what he has himself lately proclaimed, and supported by much proof, that a good poet makes himself a good prose-writer.† To give examples of Tennyson's poetry is needless; but there may be readers who will wish now to see a specimen of Milnes. Some specimens exist in earlier volumes of this magazine. But take a little gem, one of many, from his earliest poems. The following was written when he was nineteen:—

"MUTABILITY.

"I saw two children intertwine  
Their arms about each other,  
Like the lithe tendrils of a vine,  
Around its nearest brother:  
And ever and anon  
As gayly they ran on,  
Each lookt into the other's face,  
Anticipating an embrace.

"I markt those two when they were men,  
I watcht them meet one day;  
They toucht each other's hands, and then  
Each went on his own way:

\* *Examiner*, December, 1848.

† "Introductory Address in the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, by Lord Houghton, 1863."

There did not seem a tie  
Of love, the lightest chain,  
To make them turn a lingering eye,  
Or press the hand again.

"This is a page in our life's book  
We all of us turn over;  
The web is rent,  
The hour-glass spent,  
And, oh! the path we once forsook,  
How seldom we recover!

"Our days are broken into parts,  
And every fragment has a tale  
Of the abandonment of hearts,  
May make our freshest hopes turn pale;  
Even in the plighting of our troth,  
Even in the passion of our oath,  
A cold, hard voice may seem to mutter  
'We know not what it is we utter.'"

Some seventeen years ago, Lord Houghton was sketched, with the addition of a little playful caricature, and of one or two touches inconsistent with the whole, which the better feelings of the man of genius who wrote that sketch will probably have long since led him to regret, in Mr. Disraeli's "Tancred," under the name of "Mr. Vavasour." The following sentences are a slightly marred recognition of qualities which in the interval have become widely known:—

"Mr. Vavasour was a social favorite; a poet, and a real poet, quite a troubadour, as well as a member of parliament, travelled, sweet-tempered, and good-hearted; very amusing, and very clever. With catholic sympathies and an electric turn of mind, Mr. Vavasour saw something good in everybody, and everything, which is certainly amiable, and perhaps just, but disqualifies a man in some degree for the business of life, which requires for its conduct a certain degree of prejudice. Mr. Vavasour's breakfasts were renowned. Whatever your creed, class, or country,—one might almost add, your character,—you were a welcome guest at his matutinal meal, provided you were celebrated. That qualification, however, was rigidly enforced. Individuals met at his hospitable house who had never met before, but who for years had been cherishing in solitude mutual detestation, with all the irritable exaggeration of the literary character. He prided himself on figuring as the social medium by which rival reputations became acquainted, and paid each other in his presence the compliments which veiled their ineffable disgust. A real philosopher, alike from his genial disposition and from the influence of his rich and various information, Vavasour moved amid the strife sympathizing with every one; and perhaps, after all, the philanthropy, which was his boast, was

not untinged by a dash of humor, of which rare and charming quality he possessed no inconsiderable portion. Vavasour liked to know everybody who was known, and to see everything which ought to be seen. His life was a gyration of energetic curiosity, an insatiable whirl of social celebrity. There was not a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. As for his acquaintances, he was welcomed in every land: his universal sympathies seemed omnipotent. Emperor and king, jacobin and carbonari, alike cherished him. He was the steward of Polish balls, and the vindicator of Russian humanity; he dined with Louis Philippe and gave dinners to Louis Blanc."

A better knowledge of Lord Houghton would have taught the writer, and has very likely already taught him, that he seeks not celebrity only, but talent, whether celebrated or obscure; and that merit, and not success, is the indispensable qualification. Many are the young authors and obscure men of talent, who may afterwards, perhaps, attain fame or may miss it, who know the warmth of his sympathy and the constancy of his friendship. Merit or mark, though lowly or unfashionable, is, indeed, to him as beauty to Van Artevelde's Elena—

"Beauty in plain attire her heart could fill;

Yea, though in beggary, 'twas beauty still."

Nor can I admit the justice of the insinuation that malice mingles in his catholic friendship and hospitality; rather do I believe in the poet-politician's own account of his mission of conciliation in lines, published in 1840, which are worthy to be quoted for themselves:—

"Amid the factions of the Field of Life

The poet held his little neutral ground,

And they who mixt the deepest in the strife

Their evening way to his seclusion found.

"Thus meeting oft the antagonists of the day,

Who near in mute suspicion seemed to stand,

He said what neither would be first to say,

And, having spoken, left them hand in hand."

The description of Lord Houghton's life as "a gyration of energetic curiosity, an insatiable whirl of social celebrity," is not too strong; and the combination of such a life with great acquirements and constant literary occupation, and with the mental activity which enables him to keep pace with the progress of almost all branches of literature and speculative philosophy, and to study and prosecute more political questions than are undertaken by most legislators, is truly mat-

ter for amazement. To the large mind Mr. Disraeli has done justice, but not to the large heart which is with it. This has been well described with one single touch, by a well-known popular writer, another "Apostle," who, in his own quaint nanner, in one of the volumes of the "Friends in Council," has set himself to think how his friends would treat him if he should get into serious trouble or discredit, and declares himself confident of one thing, that "Pontefract" would instantly ask him to dinner.

There can hardly be a literary reputation whose growth and spread have been so remarkable and satisfactory as that which has come in early manhood to the author of the "Claims of Labor" and the "Friends in Council." These and other books, published without a name, addressing neither the passions nor the imagination, written in no gorgeous or glittering style, but one singularly simple, unadorned, and clear, altogether unaided by arts of puffing, pushed by no newspaper or review, silently, steadily, widely worked their way to "the general heart of man;" and the author of the "Friends in Council" had a large circle of readers and fame, before the name of Arthur Helps was generally known. I believe that, as is often the case, the merits of this writer were widely appreciated in the United States, even before they obtained a similar wide appreciation in England. I cannot conceive a more decisive test of fame—as decisive, certainly, as the "Digito monstrari et dicier, hic est"—than what accidentally came under my notice a few years ago; namely, a lecture given in a provincial town (by, I think, an American lecturer), called "An Evening with Arthur Helps." The "Claims of Labor" made the beginning of his popularity, and the "Friends in Council" is the most popular of his works. Many of the readers of these books are perhaps yet unacquainted with the learning, wisdom, and eloquence (see, for instance, the eloquent description of the city of Mexico) of his "History of the Conquest of America," or with the practical wisdom condensed into his "Essays written in the Intervals of Business,"—superior, perhaps, in some respects, and certainly for conciseness, to the essays of the "Friends in Council." And few beyond the friends of his youth know of a little volume, which was published while he was at Cambridge,

and which it is to be regretted that he has not reproduced,—a little collection of aphorisms, "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd," which, at the time of its anonymous publication, attracted the notice, and obtained the highly favorable judgment, of John Stuart Mill. This is twenty-seven years ago. The little book was the subject of an article by Mr. John Mill, which also treated of aphorisms generally, in the *London Review* of January, 1837. The same distinguished thinker and writer had been foremost to give warm welcome to the first poetry of Alfred Tennyson. I remember, when a boy, first learning of Alfred Tennyson's name and poetry by an article written by John Stuart Mill, pointing out the beauties and great promise of poems in which the *Quarterly* of that day could find nothing but matter for sneers and ridicule. This was published, in 1830 or 1831, in a magazine called the *Monthly Repository*, edited by W. J. Fox. It is generally known that Arthur Helps is the author of the preface to the collection of the prince consort's "Speeches and Addresses."

Among living and dead there are many other members of this Cambridge society known more or less to fame. Let me first enumerate a few of the living; Frederick Maurice; Dr. Kennedy, the head master of Shrewsbury; Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, poet as well as divine; another poet and divine, Alford, the Dean of Canterbury; James Spedding, who, having served for some time in the Colonial Office, refused nearly twenty years ago the honorable offer of succession to Sir James Stephen as under-secretary for the colonies, that he might patiently devote himself to his long labor of love on the life and works of Bacon; the Regius Professor of Greek, W. H. Thompson, a member of the late Commission on Public Schools; Charles Merivale, the distinguished Latin scholar and Roman historian, the present chaplain to the House of Commons; Kenneth Macaulay, the member for Cambridge, whose endowments singularly fitted him for distinction in the House of Commons, but whom enfeebled health has prevented from seeking there the prominence which in younger days of strength he had, with surprising rapidity, acquired at the bar; W. F. Pollock, the translator of Dante; Tom Taylor, in all whose versatile accomplishments and industry are to be seen high

principles of taste and moral aim, and the brightest element of whose various fame is the elevation by scholarship and moral purpose of his popular dramas; Maine, who is now maintaining in India, as Legislative Member of Council, the high name which he had acquired as a philosophical lawyer, and as author of a treatise on Ancient Law; another young jurist of solid reputation, Fitzjames Stephen, author of "A General View of the Criminal Law of England;" Butler, the distinguished young head master of Harrow; William Johnson, of Eton; and let me end this list with one who may, without invidiousness, be selected from among the younger hopes of the society, who has lately, in the pages of this magazine, made a brilliant beginning in literature as the Indian "Competition Wallah," and who, the heir of two reputations, is expected by many to follow not unworthily in the two careers of literature and of politics.

Of Charles Buller I have already spoken at length. I will mention a few other members of this society, who have prematurely died, leaving works and a name behind them, an instalment only of "unfulfilled renown." There was John Sterling, who has had the high honor of being the subject of two rival biographies by two such men as Julius Charles Hare and Thomas Carlyle; whose beautiful poem, the "Sexton's Daughter," ought to be known by all; whom I only saw and heard once,—"*Virgilium vidi tantum*,"—but the music of whose full and flowing eloquence as heard on that occasion has never faded from my ears.\* There were the two Hallams, the elder of whom will be ever remembered by that great threnodia, greater than "Lycidas" or "Adonais," which our poet Laureate has made in his memory, and the younger of whom was regarded by his contemporaries as of promise hardly inferior to his brother's.† There were John Kemble, the well-known Anglo-Saxon scholar; Henry Lushington, who was Secretary of Government in Malta, and whose

\* Archdeacon Hare says of his reputation as a speaker at Cambridge, "I have been told by several of the most intelligent among his contemporaries that, of all the speakers they ever heard, he had the greatest gift of natural eloquence." Carlyle, speaking of his college reputation as a speaker, says that Charles Buller was considered to be the only one of his companions who came near him.

† See Dr. John Brown's "Horæ Subsecivæ," first series, for notices of the two Hallams.



virtues and accomplishments and works, much diminished by constant ill-health, have been recorded in the charming biography of his friend and brother-apostle, Venables; and, lastly, I will name one with whom I was united in close friendship, the late Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, John Gorham Maitland, the extent of whose powers and attainments his great modesty veiled from the world. At Cambridge he seemed never to have any work to do; yet he was third classic of his year, second Chancellor's medalist, and seventh wrangler. His mind embraced all subjects, and was as fitted for the work of life as for speculation. His superiors in the Civil Service Commission—I can speak for one of them at least, Sir John Lefevre—knew his capacity and worth.

A few young men at college, attracted to companionship by a common taste for literature and speculation, make a society for a weekly essay and discussion. Such societies have often been made in public schools and universities. This society was founded about 1820 by some members of St. John's College, among whom was Tomlinson, the late Bishop of Gibraltar. In a few years it gravitated to Trinity, and it began to be famous in the time of Buller, Sterling, Maurice, and Trench. Then came the halo of Tennyson's young celebrity. Mr. Venables has alluded to the society in his *Life of Henry Lushington*, as the chief pleasure and occupation of Lushington's Cambridge days. Quoting from one of Lushington's essays a charming passage of reminiscences of his college life, Mr. Venables adds to the quotation a happy description of his own.

"There is," he says in one of the accompanying essays, "a deep truth and tenderness in the tone in which Giusti recalls those four happy years spent without care; the days, the nights "smoked away" in free gladness, in laughter, in uninterrupted talk; the aspirations, the free open-hearted converse, as it was then, of some who now meet us disguised as formal worldlings: all the delights of that life, whether at Cambridge or at Pisa,

that comes not again.' Youthful conversation of the higher class, though it would seem crude and pedantic to mature minds, is more ambitious, more earnest and more fruitful, than the talk which furnishes excitement and relaxation in later life. Our Cambridge discussions would have been insufferably tedious to an experienced and accomplished listener of fifty; but in the audacity of metaphysical conjectures or assertions, in the partisanship of literary enthusiasm, in the exuberant spirits, the occasional melancholy, the far-fetched humor of youth, all were helping each other, governed by the incessant influence of contagious sympathy. Like many past and future generations of students, we spent our days—

"In search of deep philosophy,  
Wit, eloquence and poetry,  
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were  
thine."

Some fifteen generations of young "Apostles" have passed from college into life. A few have gained eminence, several distinction. The just pride of members of the society in the fame of its greater ornaments cannot surely be proscribed by the most cynical. Within the society itself there is no hierarchy of greatness. All are friends. Those who have been contemporaries meet through life as brothers. All, old and young, have a bond of sympathy in fellow-membership. All have a common joy and a common interest in the memory of bright days that are gone, of daily rambles and evening meetings, of times when they walked and talked with single-hearted friends in scenes hallowed by many memories and traditions,—or by the banks of Cam, or in the lime-tree avenues of Trinity, or within sound of the great organ of the great chapel of King's, or in the rural quiet of Madingley or Grantchester,—sometimes perhaps

"Yearning for the large excitement which the coming years would yield,"

but all as they stood on the threshold of life, hopeful and happy, gladdened by genial influences which are never forgotten, and sunned by warm friendships of youth which never die.

WHO WOULD NOT BE A GOVERNESS?—After the warm weather we have had it quite refreshing to meet with something cool, and really we have seldom met with anything so cool as this:—

GOVERNESS WANTED, in a Young Ladies' School near London. She will be required to teach English, French, music, and to have £50 at her command, which will be returned by instalments.—Address, etc.

Not a word is said about the salary this governess will have, and we incline therefore to think that she will not be paid a shilling for her services. On the contrary, indeed, it seems that she will have to pay the sum of fifty pounds for the privilege of teaching English, French, and music; for although the money, it is said, "will be returned by instalments," no guarantee is given her that such will be the case.—*Punch*.



## PART XII.—CHAPTER XXXV.

MEREDITH died the next day, after a struggle longer and harder than could have been anticipated, and very differently from the manner in which, when he dictated his last message to the world, he expected to die. Few human creatures are strong enough, except in books, to march thus solemnly and stately to the edge of the grave. The last event itself was twenty-four hours later than the anxious watchers expected it to be, and wore them all out more utterly than any previous part of their patient's lingering illness. He dictated his postscript, lying in great exhaustion, but solemn, calm, not without a certain pomp of conscious grandeur, victorious over death and the grave. "That great angel whom men call the last enemy is standing by my bedside," the dying man said, giving forth his last utterance slowly word by word. "In an hour I shall be clay and ashes. I send you, friends, this last message. Death is not terrible to those who love Christ. I feel a strength in me that is not my own. I had fears and doubts, but I have them no longer. The gates of heaven are opening. I close my eyes, for I can no longer see the lights of this world; when I open them again, it will be to behold the face of my Lord. Amen. This I say to all the world with my last breath. For those who love Christ it is not hard to die."

Colin, who wrote the words, trembled over them with a weakness like a woman's; but Meredith's broken and interrupted voice was shaken only by the last pangs of mortality, not by any faltering of the spirit. "I tell you, Colin, it is not hard," he said, and smiled upon his friend, and composed himself to meet the last encounter; but such was not the end. The long night lingered on, and the dying man dozed a little, and woke again less dignified and composed. Then came the weary morning, with its dreadful daylight, which made the heart sick, and then a long day of dying, terrible to behold, perhaps not so hard to bear. The two who were his brothers at this dreadful moment exercised all their power to keep Alice out of the room where this struggle was going on; but the gentle little girl was a faithful woman, and kept her place. He had had his moment of conscious victory, but now in its turn the human soul was vanquished. He became unconscious of their consoling presence, con-

scious of nothing but the awful restlessness, the intolerable languor and yet more intolerable nervous strength which kept him alive in spite of himself; and then the veiled and abstracted spirit awoke to matters of which, when in full possession of his faculties, Arthur had made no mention. He began to murmur strange words as he lay tossing in that last struggle. "Tell my father," he said once or twice, but never finished the message. That death so clear and conscious, for which he had hoped, was not granted to him; and, when at last the deliverance came, even Alice, on her knees by the bedside, felt in her desolation a moment's relief. It was almost dawn of the second morning when they raised her up and led her tenderly away to Sora Antonia, the kind Italian woman, who waited outside. Colin was scarcely less overwhelmed than she. The young man sank down by the table where, on the previous night he had been Arthur's secretary, and almost fainting dropped his head upon the book which still lay open there. Twenty-four hours only of additional hard labor added on to the ending life; but it looked as many years to the young, inexperienced spirit which had thus, for the first time, followed another, so far as a spectator can, through the valley of the shadow of death. Lauderdale, who knew better, and upon whose greater strength this dreadful strain of watching had made a less visible impression, had to do for Colin what the kind peasant woman was doing for the desolate sister,—to take him away from the chamber of death, and make him lie down, and put aside altogether his own sensations on behalf of the younger and more susceptible sufferer. All that had to be done fell on Lauderdale; he made the necessary arrangements with a self-command which nothing disturbed, and when the bright, cloudless day had advanced, and he could satisfy himself that both the young, worn-out creatures, who were his children for the moment, had got the momentary solace of sleep, as was natural, he threw himself into poor Arthur's arm-chair and pondered with a troubled countenance on all that might follow. There he, too, slept and dozed, as Sora Antonia went softly to and fro, moved with pity. She had said her rosary for Arthur many a morning, and had done all she could to interest in his behalf that good St. Antonio of Padua, who was so charitable, and per-

haps might not be so particular about a matter of doctrine as St. Paul or St. Peter; for Sora Antonia was kind to the bottom of her heart, and could not bear to think of more than a thousand years or so of purgatory for the poor, young heretic. "The signorino was English and knew no better," she said to her patron saint, and comforted herself with the thought that the blessed Antonio would not fail to attend to her recommendation, and that she had done the best she could for her lodger; and out of the room where Alice slept the deep sleep of exhaustion the good woman made many voyages into the silent *salone*, where the shutters were closed upon the bare windows, though the triumphant sun streamed in at every crevice. She looked at Lauderdale, who dozed in the great chair, with curious looks of speculation and inquiry. He looked old and gray, thus sleeping in the daylight, and the traces of exhaustion in such a face as his were less touching than the lines in Alice's gentle countenance or the fading of Colin's brightness. He was the only member of the party who looked responsible to the eyes of Sora Antonia; and already she had a little romance in hand, and wondered much whether this uncle, or elder brother, or guardian, would be favorable to her young people. Thus, while the three watchers found a moment's sad rest after their long vigil, new hopes and thoughts of life already began to play about them unawares. The world will not stand still even to see the act of death accomplished; and the act of death itself, if Arthur was right in his hopes,—had not that already opened its brighter side upon the solitary soul which had gone forth alone?

The day after everything was finally over was Sunday,—the gayest and brightest of summer festal days. Colin and Lauderdale, who had on the day before carried their friend to his grave, met each other sadly at the table, where it was so strange to take up again the common thread of life as though Arthur Meredith had never had any share in it. It was Sunday under its brightest aspect; the village was very gay outside, and neither of them felt capable of introducing their sombre shadows into the flowery and sunny festa, the gayety of which jarred upon their sadness, and they had no heart to go about their usual occupations within. When they had swallowed their coffee together, they

withdrew from each other into different corners, and tried to read, which was the only employment possible. Lauderdale, for his part, in his listlessness and fatigue, went to rummage among some books which a former occupant had left, and brought from among them—the strangest choice for him to make—a French novel, a kind of production utterly unknown to him. The chances are, he had forgotten it was Sunday; for his Scotch prejudices, though he held them lightly in theory, still held him fast in practice. When, however, he had pored over it vaguely for half an hour (for reading French was a laborious amusement to the imperfectly instructed scholar), Colin was roused out of studies which he, too, pursued with a very divided attention, by a sudden noise, and saw the little yellow volume spin through the air out of his friend's vigorous fingers, and drop ignominiously in a corner. "Me to be reading stuff like that!" said Lauderdale, with grim accents of self-disgust; "and him may be near to see what a fool is doing!" As he said this, he got up from his chair, and began to pace about the quiet, lonely room, violently endeavoring to recover the composure which he had not been able to preserve. Though he was older and stronger than the others, watching and grief had told upon his strength also; and in the glory of the summer morning which blazed all round and about, the soul of this wayfaring man grew sick within him. Something like a sob sounded into the silence. "I'm no asking if he's happy," Lauderdale burst forth; "I cannot feel as if I would esteem him the same if he felt nothing but joy to get away. You're a' infidels and unbelievers alike, with your happiness and your heaven. I'm no saying that it's less than the supreme joy to see the face he hoped to see; but joy's no inconsistent with pain. Will you tell me the callant, having a heart as you know he had, can think of us mourning for him and no care? Dinna speak of such inhuman imaginations to me."

"No," said Colin, softly. "But worst of all would be to think he was here," the young man continued, after a pause, "unable to communicate with us anyhow, by whatsoever effort. Don't think so, Lauderdale; that is the most inhuman imagination of all."

"I'm no so clear of that," said the phi-

philosopher, subduing his hasty steps; "nae doubt there would be a pang in it, especially when there was information like that to bestow; but it's hard to tell, in our leemited condition, a' the capabilities of a soul. It might be a friend close by, and no yoursel', that put your best thought in your head, though you saw him not. I wouldna say that I would object to that. It's all a question of temperament, and, maybe, age," he continued, calming himself entirely down, and taking a seat beside Colin in the window. "The like of you expects response, and has no conception of life without it; but the like of me can be content without response," said Colin's guardian; and then he regarded his companion with eyes in which the love was veiled by a grave mist of meditation. "I would not object to take the charge of you in such a manner," he said, slowly. "But it's awfu' easy to dream dreams,—if anything on this earth could but make a man *know*"—and then there followed another pause. "He was awfu' pleased to teach," Lauderdale said, with an unsteady smile. "It's strange to think what should hinder him speaking now, when he has such news to tell. I never could make it out, for my part. Whiles my mind inclines to the thought that it must be a peaceable sleep that wraps them a' till the great day, which would account for the awfu' silence; but there's some things that go against that. That's what makes me most indignant at thae idiots with their spirit-rapping and gibberish. Does ony mortal with a heart within his bosom dare to think that, if love docsna open their sealed lips, any power in the world can?" cried the philosopher, whose emotion again got beyond his control. He got up again, and resumed his melancholy march up and down the room. "It's an awfu' marvel, beyond my reach," he said, "when a word of communication would make a' the difference, why it's no permitted, if it were but to keep a heart from breaking here and there."

"Perhaps it is our own fault," said Colin; "perhaps flesh and blood shrinks more than we are aware of from such a possibility; and perhaps"—here the young man paused a little, "indeed, it is not perhaps. Does not God himself choose to be our comforter?" said the youthful predestined priest; upon

which the older and sadder man once more composed himself with a groan.

"Ay," said Lauderdale, "I can say nothing against that argument. I'm no denying it's the last and the greatest. I speak the voice of a man's yearning, but I've no intention of contravening the truth. He's gone like many a one before him. You and me must bide our time. I'll say no more of Arthur. The best thing you can do is to read a chapter. If we canna hear of him direct, which is no to be hoped for, we can take as good a grip as possible of the Friend that stands between us. It's little use trying to forget, or trying no to think and inquire and question. There is but one thing in the world, so far as I can see, that a man can feel a kind of sure of. Callant, read a chapter," said the philosopher, with a long sigh. He threw himself back, as he spoke, in the nearest chair, and Colin took his Bible dutifully to obey. The contrast between this request, expressed as any Scotch peasant would have expressed it, and the speculations which preceded it did not startle Colin, and he had opened the book by instinct in the latter part of St. John's Gospel, when he was disturbed by the entrance of Alice, who came in softly from her room without any warning. Her long attendance on her brother had withdrawn the color from her cheeks and the fulness from her figure so gradually, that it was only now in her mourning dress that her companions saw how pale and thin she had grown. Alice was not speculative, nor fanciful, nor addicted to undue exercise of the faculties of her own mind in any way. She was a dutiful woman, young and simple, and accepting God's will without inquiry or remonstrance. Though she had struggled long against the thought of Arthur's death, now that he *was* dead she recognized and submitted to the event which it was no longer possible to avert or change, with a tender and sweet resignation of which some women are capable. A more forlorn and desolate creature than Alice Meredith did not exist on the earth, to all ordinary appearance, at this moment; but as she was not at all thinking of herself, that aspect of the case did not occur to her. She came out of her room very softly, with a faint smile on her face, holding some prayer-books in her hands. Up to this sad day it had been their custom to read prayers

together on the Sundays, being too far off Rome to make it practicable even for the stronger members of the party to go to church. Alice came up to Colin with her books in her hands; she said to him in a wistful whisper, "You will take his place," and pointed out to him silently the marks she had placed at the lessons and psalms. Then she knelt down between the two awed and astonished men, to say the familiar prayers which only a week ago Arthur himself had read with his dying voice. Though at times articulation was almost impossible to Colin, and Lauderdale breathed out of his deep chest an amen which sounded like a groan, Alice did not falter in her profound and still devotions. She went over the well-known prayers word by word, with eye and voice steadfast and rapt in the duty which was at the same time a consolation. There are women of such sweet loyalty and submission of spirit; but neither Lauderdale nor Colin had met with them before. Perhaps a certain passiveness of intellect had to do with it, as well as Alice's steady English training and custom of self-suppression; but it made a wonderful impression upon the two who were now the sole companions and guardians of the friendless young woman, and gave her indeed for the moment an absolute empire over them, of which Alice was altogether unconscious, and of which, even had she known it, she could have made no further use. When the Morning Prayer was almost concluded, it was she who indicated to Colin another mark in the prayer-book, at the prayer for Christ's church militant on earth, and they could even hear the whisper of her voice broken by an irrestrainable sob at the thanksgiving for all "thy servant departed this life in thy faith and fear," which Colin read with agitation and faltering. When they all rose from their knees, she turned from one to the other with her countenance for the first time disturbed. "You were very, very good to him," she said, softly. "God will bless you for it," and so sank into sobbing and tears, which were not to be subdued any longer, yet were not passionate nor out of accordance with her docile looks. After that, Alice recovered her calm, and began to occupy herself with them as if she had been their mother. "Have you been out?" she said. "You must not stay in and make yourself ill." This was addressed

specially to Colin. "Please go out and take a walk; it will do you a great deal of good. If it had not been a great festa, it would not have been so bad; but if you go up to the Villa Conti, you will find nobody there. Go up behind the terrace, into the alleys where it is shady. There is one on the way to the Aldobrandini; you know it, Mr. Campbell. Oh, go, please; it is such a beautiful day, it will do you good."

"And you?" said Colin, who felt in his heart an inclination to kneel to her as if she had been a queen.

"I will stay at home to-day," said Alice. "I could not go out to-day; but I shall do very well. Sora Antonia will come in from mass presently. Oh, go out, please, and take a walk. Mr. Lauderdale, he will go if you tell him to go: you are both looking so pale."

"Come, Colin," said Lauderdale "she shall have her pleasure done this day, at least, whatsoever she commands. If there was anything within my power or his"—said the philosopher, with a strange discord that sounded like tears in his voice; but Alice stopped him short.

"Oh, yes," she said, softly, "it is very good of you to do it because I ask you. Mr. Campbell, you did not read the right lesson," she added, turning her worn face to Colin with a slight reproach.

"I read what I thought was better for us all, mourning as we are," said Colin, startled; upon which the sad little representative of law and order did her best to smile.

"I have always heard it said how wonderful it was how the lesson for the day always suited everybody's case," said Alice. "Arthur never would make any change for circumstances. He—he said it was as if God could ever be wanting," the faithful sister said, through her sobs; and then, again, put force upon herself: "I shall be here when you come back," she said, with her faint smile; and so, like a little princess, sent them away. The two men went their way up the slope and through the little town, in their black coats, casting two tall, sombre shadows into the sunshine and gayety of the bright piazza. There had been a procession that morning, and the rough pavement was strewn with sprigs of myrtle and box, and the air still retained a flavor of the candles, not quite obliterated by the whiff of incense

which came from the open doors of the cathedral, where even the heavy leathern curtain, generally suspended across the entrance, had been removed by reason of the crowd. People were kneeling even on the steps; peasants in their laced buskins, and Frascati women, made into countesses or duchesses, at the least, by the long white veil which streamed to their feet. The windows were all hung with brilliant draperies in honor of the morning's procession and the afternoon's Tombola. It was one of the very chief of Italian holydays, a festal Sunday in May, the month of Mary. No wonder the two sad Protestant Scotchmen, with mourning in their dress and in their hearts, felt themselves grow sick and faint as they went dutifully to the gardens of the Villa Conti, as they had been commanded. They did not so much as exchange a word with each other till they had passed through all that sunshine and reached the identical alley, a close arcade, overarched and shut in by the dense foliage of ilex-trees, to which their little sovereign had directed them. There was not a soul there, as she had prophesied. A tunnel scooped out of the damp, dewy soil would scarcely have been more absolutely shut in from the sunshine, scarcely could have been stiller or cooler, or more withdrawn from the blazing noonday, with its noises and rejoicings, than this narrow, sombre avenue. They strayed down its entire length, from one blue arch of daylight to the other, before they spoke; and then it was Lauderdale who broke the silence, as if his thoughts, generally so busy and so vagrant, had never got beyond Alice Meredith's last words.

"Another time, Colin," said the philosopher, "you'll no make ony changes in the lesson for the day. Whiles it's awfu' hard to put up with the conditions o' a leemited intellect; but whiles they're half divine. I'm no pretending to be reasonable. She kens no more about reason than—the angels, maybe—no that I have ony personal acquaintance with their modes o' argument. I admit it's a new development to me; but a woman like yon, callant, would keep a man awfu' steady in the course of his life."

"Yes," said Colin; and then with a strange premonition, for which he himself could not account, he added, "She would keep a man steady, as you say; but he would find little response in her,—not that I regard

her less respectfully, less reverentially than you do, Lauderdale," he went on, hurriedly, "but"—

"It wasna your opinion I was asking for," said the philosopher, somewhat morosely. "She's like none of the women you and me ken. I'm doubtful in my own mind whether that dutiful and obedient spirit has ever been our ideal in our country. Intellect's a grand gift, callant, baith to man and woman; but you'll no fly in my face and assert that it's more than second-best."

"I am not up to argument to-day," said Colin; and they walked back again the whole length of the avenue in silence. Perhaps a certain irritability, born of their mutual grief, was at the bottom of this momentary difference; but somehow, in the stillness, in the subdued leafy shade, which at first sight had been so congenial to his feelings, an indescribable shadow stole over Colin's mind,—a kind of indistinct fear and reluctance, which took no definite shape, but only crept over him like a mist over the face of the sun. His heart was profoundly touched at once by the grief, and by the self-command of Alice, and by her utter helplessness and dependence upon himself and his friend. Never before had he been so attracted towards her, nor felt so much that dangerous softening sentiment of pity and admiration, which leads to love. And yet, the two walked back silently under the dark ilex-trees, and across the piazza, which was now thronged with a gay and many-colored crowd. The brighter the scene grew around them, the more they shut themselves up in their own silence and sorrow, as was natural; and Colin at length began to recognize a new element, which filled him with vague uneasiness,—an element not in the least new to the perplexed cogitations of his guardian and anxious friend.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN they entered the *salone* on their return, the first object which met their eyes was the stately figure of Sora Antonia in full holiday costume, lately returned from mass. She had still her fan and her rosary depending from her wrist,—adjuncts almost equally necessary to devotion, as that is understood at Frascati,—and was still arrayed in the full splendors of the veil which, fastened over her hair, fell almost to her feet behind,



and gave grace and dignity to her tall and stately person. Sora Antonia was a dependant of the family Savvelli; scarcely a servant, though she had once belonged to the prince's household. She had charge of the palace at Frascati, which was never occupied except by a solitary ecclesiastic, the prince's brother, for whom the first floor was kept sacred. Even this sanctity, however, was sometimes invaded when a good chance offered of letting the *piano nobile* to some rich foreigner, which was the fate of all the other apartments in the house. Sora Antonia had charge of all the interests of the Savvelli in their deserted mansion. When the tenants did any damage, she made careful note of it, and did not in any respect neglect the interests of her master; nor was she inconsiderate of her own, but regarded it as a natural duty, when it proved expedient, to make a little money out of the Forestieri. "They give one trouble enough, the blessed Madonna knows," the good woman said, piously. But, notwithstanding these prudent cares, Sora Antonia was not only a very sensible woman according to her lights, but had a heart, and understood her duty to her neighbors. She made her salutations to the two friends when they entered with equal suavity, but addressed her explanations to Colin, who was not only her favorite in right of his youth and good looks, but who could understand her best. Colin, whose Italian was limited, called the excellent housekeeper Madama, a courtesy which naturally gained her heart; and she on her part appropriated to his use the title of Signorino, which was not quite so flattering; for Colin was still young enough to object to being called young. To-day, however, her address was more dignified; for the crisis was an important one. Before she began to speak the visitor sat down, which in itself was an act requiring explanation, especially as the table had been already arranged for dinner, and this was the last day in the world on which the strangers were likely to desire society. Sora Antonia took matters with a high hand, and in case of opposition secured for herself at least the first word.

"Pardon, caro signore mio," she said, "you are surprised to find me here. Very well; I am sorry to incommode the gentlemen, but I have to do my duty. The signorina is very young, and she has no one to

take care of her. The signori are very good, very excellent, and kind. Ah, yes, I know it,—never was there such devotion to the poor sick friend;—nevertheless, the signori are but men, *senza complimenti*, and I am a woman who has been married and had children of my own, and know my duty. Until some proper person comes to take charge of the poor dear young lady, the signori will pardon me, but I must remain here."

"Does the signorina wish it?" asked Colin, with wondering looks; for the idea of another protector for Alice confounded him, he scarcely knew why.

"The signorina is not much more than a child," said Sora Antonia, loftily. "Besides, she has not been brought up like an Italian young lady, to know what is proper. Poverina! she does not understand anything about it; but the signori will excuse me,—I know my duty, and that is enough."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Colin, "but then, in England, as you say, we have different ideas, and if the signorina does not wish"—

Here, however, he was interrupted by Lauderdale, who, having tardily apprehended the purport of Sora Antonia's communication, took it upon himself to make instant response in the best Italian he could muster. "*Avete molto buono, molto buono!*" cried Lauderdale, intending to say that she was very kind, and that he highly approved, though a chronic confusion in his mind, as to which was which, of the auxiliary verbs, made his meaning cloudy. "*Grazie, Abbiamo contento! Grazie,*" he added, with a little excitement and enthusiasm. Though he had used the wrong verb, Sora Antonia graciously comprehended his meaning. She was used to such little eccentricities of diction on the part of the Forestieri. She bowed her stately head to him with a look of approbation, and it would be vain to deny that the sense of having thus expressed himself clearly and eloquently in a foreign language conveyed a certain satisfaction to the mind of the philosopher.

"Bravo! The signore will speak very well if he perseveres," said Sora Antonia, graciously; "not to say that His Excellency is a man of experience, and perceives the justice of what I propose. No doubt, it will occupy a great deal of my time, but the other Forestieri have not arrived yet, and

how can one expect the Madonna Santissima and the blessed St. Antonio to take so much trouble in one's concerns if one will not exert one's self a little for one's fellow-creatures? As the signorina has not left her room yet, I will take away the inconvenience\* for a few minutes, Scusa Signori," said Sora Antonia, and she went away with stately bearing and firm steps, which resounded through the house, to take off her veil and put aside her rosary. She had seated herself again in her indoor aspect, with the "Garden of the Soul" in her hand, before Alice came into the room; and, without doubt, she made a striking addition to the party. She was a Frascati woman born, and her costume, consequently, was perfect,—a costume less imposing than the scarlet Albano jacket, but not less calculated to do justice to the ample bust and stately head of the Roman peasant. The dress itself, the actual gown, in this as in other Italian costumes, was an indifferent matter. The important particulars were the long and delicate apron of embroidered muslin, the *busto* made of rich brocade and shaped to the exact Frascati model, and the large, soft, snowy kerchief with embroidered corners, which covered her full shoulders,—not to speak of the long heavy gold ear-rings and coral necklace which completed and enriched the dress. She sat apart and contemplated, if not the "Garden of the Soul," at least the little pictures in borders of lace-paper which were placed thickly between the leaves, while the melancholy meal was eaten at the table; for Sora Antonia had *educazione*, and had not come to intrude upon the privacy of her lodgers. Alice, for her part, made no remark upon the presence of this new guardian; she accepted it as she accepted everything else, as a matter of course, without even showing any painful sense of the circumstances which in Sora Antonia's opinion made this last precaution necessary. Her two companions, the only friends she seemed to have in the world, bore vicariously on her account the pain of this visible reminder that she was here in a false position and had no legitimate protector; but Alice had not yet awaked to any such sense on her own behalf. She took her place at the table and tried to swallow a morsel, and interested herself in the appetite of the others as if she had been

\*"Lovo l'incomodo," a homely expression of Italian politeness on leaving a room.

their mother. "Try to eat something; it will make you ill if you do not," poor Alice said, in the abstraction and dead calm of her grief. Her own feeling was that she had been lifted far away from them into an atmosphere of age and distance and a kind of sad superiority, and to minister to some one was the grand condition under which Alice Meredith lived. As to the personal suffering, which was confined to herself, that did not so much matter; she had not been used to much sympathy, and it did not occur to her to look for it. Consequently, the only natural business which remained to her was to take a motherly charge of her two companions, and urge them to eat.

"You are not to mind me," she said, with an attempt at a smile, after dinner. "This is Sunday' to be sure; but, after to-day, you are just to go on as you used to do, and never mind. Thank you, I should like it better. I shall always be here, you know, when you come back from Rome, or wherever you wish to go. But you must not mind for me."

Lauderdale and Colin exchanged looks almost without being aware of it. "But you would like—somebody to be sent for—or something done?" said Lauderdale. He was a great deal more confused in having to suggest this than Alice was, who kept looking at him, her eyes dilated with weariness and tears, yet soft and clear as the eyes of a child. He could not say to her, in so many words, "It is impossible for you to remain with us." All he could do was to falter and hesitate, and grow confused, under the limpid, sorrowful look which she bent upon him from the distant heaven of her resignation and innocence. "You would like your friends—somebody to be written to," said Lauderdale; and then, afraid to have given her pain by the suggestion, went on hurriedly: "I'm old enough to be your father, and no a thought in my mind but to do you service," he said. "Tell me what you would like best. Colin, thank God! is strong, and has little need of me. I'll take you home, or do whatever you please; for I'm old enough to be your father, my poor bairn!" said the tender-hearted philosopher, and drew near to her, and put out his hand with an impulse of pitiful and protecting kindness which touched the heart of Alice, and yet filled her with momentary surprise. She, on her own side, was roused a little, not to think of herself,

but to remember what appeared to her a duty unfulfilled.

"Oh, Mr. Lauderdale! Arthur said I might tell you," said Alice. "Papa! you heard what he said about papa? I ought to write and tell him what has happened. Perhaps I ought to tell you from the beginning," she continued after composing herself a little. "We left home without his consent—indeed, he did not know. For dear Arthur," said the poor girl, turning her appealing eyes from one to the other, "could not approve of his ways. He did something that Arthur thought was wrong. I cannot tell you about it," said Alice through her tears; "it did not make so much difference to me. I think I ought to write and tell him, and that Arthur forgave him at the last. Oh, tell me, please, what do you think I should do?"

"If you would like to go home, I'll take you home," said Lauderdale. "He did not mean any harm, poor callant, but he's left an awfu' burden on you."

"Go home!" said Alice, with a slight shudder. "Do you think I ought—do you think I must? I do not care for myself, but Mrs. Meredith, you know"—she added, with a momentary blush; and then the friends began to perceive another unforeseen lion in the way.

"Out of my own head," said Lauderdale, who took the whole charge of this business on himself, and would not permit Colin to interfere, "I wrote your father a kind of a letter. If you are able to hear the—the event—which has left us a mourning—named in common words, I'll read you what I have written. Poor bairn, you're awfu' young and awfu' tender to have such affairs in hand! Are you sure you are able to bear it, and can listen to what I have said?"

"Ah, I have borne it," said poor Alice. "I cannot deceive myself, nor think Arthur is still here. What does it matter then about saying it? Oh, yes, I can bear anything; it is only me to bear now and it doesn't matter. It was very kind of you to write. I should like to know what you have said."

Colin who could do nothing else for her, put forward the arm-chair with the cushions towards the table, and Sora Antonia put down the "Garden of the Soul" and drew a little nearer with her heavy, firm foot, which shook the house. She comprehended that

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something was going on which would tax the signorina's strength, and brought her solid, steady succor to be in readiness. The pale little girl turned and smiled upon them both as she took the chair Colin had brought her. She was herself quite steady in her weakness and grief and loneliness. Sora Antonia was not wanted there; and Colin drew her aside to the window, where she told him all about the fireworks that were to be in the evening, and her hopes that after a while the signorina would be able to "distract herself" a little and recover her spirits; to which Colin assented dutifully, watching from where he stood the pale looks of the friendless young woman,—friendless beyond disguise or possible self-deception, with a step-mother whom she blushed to mention reigning in her father's house. Colin's thoughts were many and tumultuous as he stood behind in the window, watching Alice and listening to Sora Antonia's descriptions of the fireworks. Was it possible that perhaps his duty to his neighbor required from him the most costly of all offerings, the rashest of all possible actions? He stood behind, growing more and more excited in the utter quiet. The thought that had dawned upon him under the ilex trees came nearer and grew more familiar, and as he contemplated it, he seemed to recognize all that visible machinery of Providence bringing about the great event which youth decides upon so easily. While this vision grew before his mind, Alice was wiping off the tears which obliterated Lauderdale's letter even to her patient eyes; for, docile and dutiful as she was, it was yet terrible to read in calm, distinct words, which put the matter beyond all doubt, the announcement of "what had happened." This is what Lauderdale said:—

"SIR,—It is a great grief to me to inform you of an event for which I have no way of knowing whether you are prepared or not. Your son, Arthur Meredith, has been living here for the last three months in declining health, and on Thursday last died in great comfort and constancy of mind. It is not for me, a stranger to offer vain words of consolation, but his end was such as any man might be well content to have, and he entered upon his new life joyfully, without any shadow on his mind. As far as love and friendship could soothe the sufferings that were inevitable, he had both; for his sister never left his bedside, and myself and my friend, Colin Campbell, were with him constantly, to his satisfaction. His sister remains under our care.

I who write am no longer a young man, and know what is due to a young creature of her tender years; so that you may satisfy yourself she is safe until such time as you can communicate with me, which I will look for as soon as a reply is practicable, and in the mean time remain,

"Your son's faithful friend and mourner,  
"W. LAUDERDALE."

Alice lingered over this letter, reading it, and crying, and whispering to Lauderdale a long time, as Colin thought. She found it easier, somehow, to tell her story fully to the elder man. She told him that Mrs. Meredith had "come home suddenly," which was her gentle version of a sad domestic history,—that nobody had known of her father's second marriage until the step-mother arrived, without any warning, with a train of children. Alice's mild words did not give Lauderdale any very lively picture of the dismay of the household at this unlooked-for apparition; but he understood enough to condemn Arthur less severely than he had been disposed to do. This sudden catastrophe had happened just after the other misery of the bank failure, which had ruined so many; and poor Meredith had no alternative between leaving his sister to the tender mercies of an underbred and possibly disreputable step-mother, or bringing her with him when he retired to die; and Alice, though she still cried for "poor papa," recoiled a little from the conclusion of Lauderdale's letter. "I have enough to live upon," she said, softly, with an appealing glance at her companion. "If you were to say that I was quite safe, would not that be enough?" and it was very hard for Lauderdale to convince her that her father's judgment must be appealed to in such a matter. When she saw he was not to be moved on this point, she sighed and submitted; but it was clearly apparent that as yet, occupied as she was by her grief, the idea that her situation here was embarrassing to her companions or unsuitable for herself had not occurred to Alice. When she retired, under the escort of Sora Antonia, the two friends had a consultation over this perplexing matter; and Lauderdale's sketch—filled in, perhaps, a little from his imagination—of the home she had left, plunged Colin into deeper and deeper thought. "No doubt he'll send some answer," the philosopher said. "He may not be worthy to have the charge of her, but he's

aye her father. It's hard to ken whether it's better or worse that she should be unconscious like this of anything embarrassing in her position, which is a' the more wonderful, as she's a real honest woman, and no way intellectual nor exalted. You and me, Colin," said Lauderdale, looking up in his young companion's face, "must take good care that she does not find it out from us."

"Of course," said Colin, with involuntary testiness; "but I do not see what her father has to do with it," continued the young man. "She cannot possibly return to such a home."

"Her father is the best judge of that," said Lauderdale; "she canna remain with you and me."

And there the conversation dropped, but not the subject. Colin was not in love with Alice; he had, indeed, vague but bright in the clouds before him, an altogether different ideal woman; and his heart was in the career which he again saw opening before him,—the life in which he meant to serve God and his country, and which at the present moment would admit of no rashly formed ties. Was it in consequence of these hindrances that this new thing loomed so large before Colin's inexperienced eyes? If he had longed for it with youthful passion, he would have put force on himself and restrained his longing; but the temptation took another shape. It was as if a maiden knight at the outset of his career had been tempted to pass by a helpless creature and leave her wrongs unredressed. The young Bayard could do anything but this.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

In the mean time at least a fortnight must pass before they could expect an answer to Lauderdale's letter. During that time they returned to all their old habits, with the strange and melancholy difference that Arthur, once the centre of all, was no longer there. Every day of this time increased the development of Colin's new thoughts, until the unknown father of Alice had grown, in his eyes, into a cruel and profligate tyrant, ready to drag his daughter home and plunge her into depraved society, without any regard for either her happiness or her honor. Colin had, indeed, in his own mind, in strictest privacy and seclusion of thought, indited an imaginary letter, eloquent with youthful

indignation to inform this unworthy parent that his deserted daughter had found a better protector; but he was very silent about these cogitations of his, and did not share them even with Lauderdale. And there were moments when Colin felt the seriousness of the position, and found it very hard that such a necessity should meet him in the face at the beginning of his career. Sometimes in the sudden darkening, out of the rosy clouds which hung over the Campagna, the face of the impossible woman, the ideal creature, her who could have divined the thoughts in his mind and the movements in his heart before they came into being, would glance suddenly out upon him for an instant, and then disappear, waving a shadowy farewell, and leaving in his mind a strange blank, which the sight of Alice rather increased than removed. That ineffable mate and companion was never to be his, the young man thought. True, he had never met her, nor come upon any trace of her footsteps; for Matty Frankland at her best never could have been she. But yet, as long as he was unbound by other tie or affection, this vision was the "not impossible She" to Colin as to all men; and this he had to give up; for Alice, most gentle, patient Alice, whom it was not in the heart of man to be otherwise than tender of,—she who had need of him, and whom his very nature bound him to protect and cherish,—was not that woman. At other moments he thought of his own life, for which still so much training was necessary, and which he should have entered in the full freedom of his youth, and was profoundly aware of the incumbered and helpless trim in which he must go into the battle, obliged to take thought not of his work only, and the best means of doing it, but of those cares of living which lie so lightly on a young man alone. There may be some of Colin's friends who will think the less of him for this struggle in his mind; and there may be many who will think with justice that, unless he could have offered love to Alice, he had no right to offer her himself and his life,—an opinion in which his historian fully agrees. But then this gift, though less than the best, was a long way superior to anything else which, at the present moment, was likely to be offered to the friendless girl. If he could have laid at her feet the heart, which is the only true exchange under such circum-

stances, the chances are that Alice, in her simplicity and gentleness, would have been sadly puzzled what to do with that passionate and ungovernable thing. What he really could offer her—affection, tenderness, protection—was clearly comprehensible to her. She had no other idea of love than was included in those attributes and phases of it. These considerations justified Colin in the step which he contemplated, or rather in the step which he did not contemplate, but felt to be necessary and incumbent upon him. It sometimes occurred to him how, if he had been prudent and taken Lauderdale's advice, and eschewed at the beginning the close connection with Meredith and his sister, which he had entered into with his eyes open, and with a consciousness even that it might affect his life, this embarrassing situation might never have come into being; and then he smiled to himself, with youthful superiority, contemplating what seemed so plainly the meaning of Providence, and asking himself how he, by a momentary exercise of his own will, could have overthrown that distinct celestial intention. On the whole, it was comforting to think that everything had been arranged beforehand by agencies so very clear and traceable; and with this conclusion of the argument he left off, as near contented as possible, and not indisposed to enjoy the advantages which were palpable before him; for, though they were not the eyes he had dreamed of, there was a sweetness very well worthy of close study in Alice Meredith's eyes.

The days passed very quietly in this time of suspense. The society of the two strangers, who were more to her in her sorrow than all her kindred, supported the lonely girl more than she was aware of,—more than any one could have believed. They were absent during the greater part of the day, and left her unmolested to the tears that would come, notwithstanding all her patience; and they returned to her in the evening with attentions and cares to which she had never been accustomed, devoting two original and powerful minds, of an order at once higher and more homely than any which she had ever encountered, to her amusement and consolation. Alice had never known before what it was to have ordinary life and daily occurrences brightened by the thick-coming fancies, the tender play of



word and thought, which now surrounded her. She had heard clever talk afar off "in society," and been awe-stricken by the sound of it, and she had heard Arthur and his friends uttering much fine-sounding language upon subjects not generally in her way; but she was utterly unused to that action of uncommon minds upon common things which gives so much charm to the ordinary intercourse of life. All they could think of to lighten the atmosphere of the house in which she sat in her deep mourning, absorbed for hours together in those thoughts of the dead to which her needlework afforded little relief, they did with devotion, suspending their own talk and occupations to occupy themselves with her. Colin read "In Memoriam" to her till her heart melted and relieved itself in sweet abundant tears; and Lauderdale talked and told her many a homely history of that common course of humanity, full of sorrows sorer than her own, which fills young minds with awe. Between them they roused Alice to a higher platform, a different atmosphere, than she had known before; and she raised herself up after them with a half-bewildered sense of elevation, not understanding how it was; and so the long days which were so hard, and which nothing in the world could save from being hard, brightened towards the end, not certainly into anything that could be called pleasure, but into a sad expansion and elevation of heart, in which faintly appeared those beginnings of profound and deep happiness which are not incompatible with grief, and yet are stronger and more inspiring than joy. While this was going on, unconsciously to any one concerned, Sora Antonia, in her white kerchief and apron, sometimes knitting, sometimes with her distaff like a buxom Fate, sat and twisted her thread and turned her spindle a little behind, yet not out of reach, keeping a wary eye upon her charge. She, too, interposed, sometimes her own experiences, sometimes her own comments upon life and things in general, into the conversation; and, whether it was that Sora Antonia's mind was really of a superior order, or that the stately Roman speech threw a refining color upon her narratives, it is certain that the interpellations of the Italian peasant fell without any sensible derogation into the strain of lofty yet familiar talk which was meant to wean Alice from her special grief.

Sora Antonia told them of the other Forestieri who had lived like themselves in the Savvelli palace: who had come for health and yet had died, leaving the saddest mourners,—helpless widows and little children, heart-broken fathers and mothers, perhaps the least consolable of all. Life was such, she said solemnly, bowing her stately head. She herself, of a hardy race, and strong, as the signori saw, had not she buried her children, for whom she would have gladly died? But the good God had not permitted her to die. Alice cried silently as she heard all this; she kissed Sora Antonia, who, for her part, had outlived her tears, and with a natural impulse turned to Colin, who was young, and in whose heart, as in her own, there must live a natural protest against this awful necessity of separation and misery; and thus it came to be Colin's turn to interpose, and he came on the field once more with "In Memoriam," and with other poems which were sweet to hear, and soothed her even when she only partly entered into their meaning. A woman has an advantage under such circumstances. By means of her sympathy and gratitude, and the still deeper feeling which grew unconsciously in her heart towards him who read, she came to believe that she, too, understood and appreciated what was to him so clear and so touching. A kind of spiritual magnetism worked upon Alice, and, to all visible appearance, expanded and enlarged her mind. It was not that her intellect itself grew, or that she understood all the beautiful imaginations, all the tender philosophies thus unfolded to her; but she was united in a singular union of affectionate companionship with those who did understand, and even to herself she appeared able to see, if not with her own eyes at least with theirs, the new beauties and solemnities of which she had not dreamed before. This strange process went on day by day without any one being aware of it; and even Lauderdale had almost forgotten that their guardianship of Alice was only for the moment, and that the state of affairs altogether was provisionary and could not possibly continue, when an answer reached him to his letter. He was alone when he received it, and all that evening said nothing on the subject until Alice had retired with her watchful attendant; then, without a word of comment, he put it into Colin's hand. It was written

in a stilted hand, like that of one unaccustomed to writing, and was not quite irreproachable even in its spelling. This was what Lauderdale's correspondent said:—

"SIR,—Your letter has had such a bad effect upon the health of my dear husband, that I beg you wont trouble him with any more such communications. If its meant to get money, that's vain; for neither him nor me knows anything about the friends Arthur may have picked up. If he had stayed at home, he would have received every attention. As for his ungrateful sister, I wont have anything to say to her. Mr. Meredith is very ill, and, for anything I know, may never rise from a bed of sickness, where he has been thrown by hearing this news so sudden; but I take upon me to let her know as he will have nothing to say to one that could behave so badly as she has done. I am always for making friends; but she knows she cannot expect much kindness from me after all that has happened. She has money enough to live on, and she can do as she pleases. Considering what her ingratitude has brought her dear father to, and that I may be left alone to manage everything before many days are past, you will please to consider that here is an end of it, and not write any more begging letters to me.

"JULIA MEREDITH."

This communication Colin read with a beating heart. It was so different from what he expected, and left him so free to carry out the dawning resolution which he had imagined himself executing in the face of tyrannical resistance, that he felt at first like a man who has been straining hard at a rope and is suddenly thrown down by the instantaneous stoppage of the pressure on the other side. When he had picked himself up, the facts of the case rushed on him distinct and unmistakable. The time had now come when the lost and friendless maiden stood in the path of the true knight. Was he to leave her there to fight her way in the hard world by herself, without defence or protection, because, sweet and fair and pure as she was, she was not the lady of his dreams? He made up his mind at once with a thrill of generous warmth, but at the same time felt himself saying for ever and ever farewell to that ideal lady who henceforward, in earth or heaven, could never be his. This passed while he was looking at the letter which already his rapid eye had read and comprehended. "So there is an end of your hopes," said Colin. "Now we are the only friends

she has in the world,—as I have always thought."

"Softly," said Lauderdale. "Callants like you aye rin away with the half of an idea. This is an ignorant woman's letter, that is glad to get rid of her. The father will mend, and then he'll take her out of our hands."

"He shall do nothing of the kind," said Colin, hotly. "You speak as if she was a piece of furniture; I look upon her as a sacred charge. We are responsible to Meredith for his sister's comfort and—happiness," said the young man, who during this conversation preferred not to meet his companion's eye.

"Ay!" said Lauderdale, dryly, "that's an awfu' charge for the like of you and me. It's more that I ever calculated on, Colin. To see her safe home, and in the hands of her friends"—

"Lauderdale, do not be so heartless! cannot you see that she has no friends?" cried Colin; "not a protector in the world except"—

"Callant, dinna deceive yourself," said Lauderdale; "it's no a matter for hasty judgment; we have nae right to pass sentence on a man's character. He's her father, and it's her duty to obey him. I'm no heeding about that silly woman's letter. Mr. Meredith will mend. I'm here to take care of you," said Colin's guardian. "Colin, hold your peace. You're no to do for a moment's excitement, for pity and ruth and your own tender heart, what you may regret all your life. Sit down and keep still. You are only a callant, too young to take burdens on yourself; there is but one way that the like of you can protect the like of her,—and that is no to be thought of, as you consented with your own mouth."

"I am aware of that," said Colin, who had risen up in his excitement. "There is but one way. Matters have changed since we spoke of it first."

"I would like to know how far they have changed," said Lauderdale. "Colin, take heed to what I say; if it's love I'll no speak a word; I may disapprove a' the circumstances, and find fault with every step ye take; but if it's love"—

"Hush!" said Colin, standing upright, and meeting his friend's eye; "if it should happen to be my future wife we are speaking

of, my feelings toward her are not to be discussed with any man in the world."

They looked at each other thus for a moment, the one anxious and scrutinizing, the other facing him with blank brightness, and a smile which afforded no information. Perhaps Lauderdale understood all that was implied in that blank; at all events, his own delicate sense of honor could not refuse to admit Colin's plea. He turned away, shaking his head, and groaning privately under his breath; while Colin, struck with compunction, having shut himself up for an instant, unfolded again, that crisis being over, with all the happy grace of apology natural to his disposition. "You are not 'any man in the world,'" he said, with a short laugh, which implied emotion. "Forgive me, Lauderdale; and now you know very well what I am going to do."

"Oh, ay, I ken what you are going to do; I kent three months ago, for that matter," said the philosopher. "A man acts no from circumstances, as is generally supposed, but from his ain nature." When he had given forth this oracular utterance, Lauderdale went straight off to his room without exchanging another word with Colin. He was satisfied in a way with this mate for his charge, and belonged to too lowly a level of society to give profound importance to the inexpediency of early marriages,—and he was fond of Alice, and admired her sweet looks and sweet ways, and respected her self-command and patience; nevertheless, he, too, sighed, and recognized the departure of the ideal woman, who to him as little as to Colin resembled Alice,—and thus it was understood between them how it was to be.

All this, it may be imagined, was little compatible with that reverential regard for womankind in general which both the friends entertained, and evidenced a security in respect to Alice's inclinations which was not altogether complimentary to her. And yet it was highly complimentary in a sense; for this security arose from their appreciation of the spotless, unawakened heart with which they had to deal. If Colin entertained little doubt of being accepted when he made his proposition, it was not because he had an overweening idea of himself, or imagined Alice "in love" with him according to the vulgar expression. A certain chivalrous, primitive sense of righteous and natural ne-

cessity was in his confidence. The forlorn maiden, knowing the knight to be honest and true, would accept his protection loyally and simply, without bewildering herself with dreams of choice where no choice was, and having accepted, would love and cleave as was her nature. To be sure there were types of women less acquiescent; and we have already said that Alice did not bear the features of the ideal of which Colin had dreamed: but such was the explanation of his confidence. Alice showed little distress when she saw her step-mother's letter except for her father's illness, though even that seemed rather consolatory to her than otherwise, as a proof of his love for Arthur. As for Mrs. Meredith's refusal to interfere on her behalf, she was clearly relieved by the intimation; and things went on as before for another week or two, until Sora Antonia, who had now other tenants arriving and many occupations in hand, began to murmur a little over the watch which she would not relinquish. "Is it thus young ladies are left in England," she asked with a little indignation, "without any one to take care of them except the signori, who, though amiable and excellent, are only men? or when may madama be expected from England who is to take charge of the signorina?" It was after this question had been put to him with some force one evening, that Colin proposed to Alice, who was beginning to lift her head again like a flower after a storm, and to show symptoms of awakening from the first heaviness of grief, to go out with him and visit those ilex avenues, which had now so many associations for the strangers. She went with a faint sense of pleasure in her heart through the afternoon sunshine, looking wistfully through her black veil at the many cheerful groups on the way, and clinging to Colin's arm when a kind neighbor spoke to her in pity and condolence. She put up her veil when they came to the favorite avenue, where Lauderdale and Colin walked so often. Nothing could be more silent, more cool and secluded than this verdant cloister, where, with the sunshine still blazing everywhere around, the shade and the quiet were equally profound and unbroken. They walked once or twice up and down, remarking now and then upon the curious network of the branches, which, out of reach of the sun, were all bare and stripped of their foliage, and upon the blue

blaze of daylight at either opening, where the low arch of dark verdure framed in a space of brilliant Italian sky. Then they both became silent, and grew conscious of it; and it was then, just as Alice for the first time began to remember the privileges and penalties of her womanhood, that Colin spoke,—

"I brought you here to speak to you," he said. "I have a great deal to say. That letter that Lauderdale showed you did not vex you; did it? Will you tell me? Arthur made me one of your guardians, and, whatever you may decide upon, that is a sacred bond."

"Yes, oh, yes," said Alice, with tears, "I know how kind you both are. No, it did not vex me, except about papa. I was rather glad, if I may say so, that she did not send for me home. It is not—a—home—like what it used to be," said Alice; and then, perhaps because something in Colin's looks had advertised her of what was coming, perhaps because the awakening sense sprung up in a moment, after long torpor, a sudden change came upon her face. "I have given you a great deal of trouble," she said; "I am like somebody who has had a terrible fall,—as soon as I come to myself I shall go away. It is very wrong of me to detain you here."

"You are not detaining us," said Colin, who, notwithstanding, was a little startled and alarmed; "and you must not talk of going away. Where would you go? Are not we your friends,—the friends you know best in Italy? You must not think of going away."

But even these very words thus repeated acted like an awakening spell upon Alice. "I cannot tell what I have been thinking of," she said. "I suppose it is staying indoors and forgetting everything. I do not seem to know even how long it is. Oh, yes, you are my kindest friends. Nobody ever was so good to me; but, then, you are only—gentlemen," said Alice, suddenly withdrawing her hand from Colin's arm, and blushing over all her pallid face. "Ah! I see now how stupid I have been to put off so long. And I am sure I must have detained you here."

"No," said Colin, "do not say so; but I have something more to say to you. You are too young and too delicate to face the world alone, and your people at home are not going

to claim you. I am a poor man now, and I never can be rich, but I would protect you and support you if you would have me. Will you trust me to take care of you, Alice, not for this moment, but always? I think it would be the best thing for us both."

"Mr. Campbell, I don't understand you," said Alice, trembling and casting a glance up at him of wistful surprise and uncertainty. There was an eager, timid inquiry in her eyes besides the bewilderment. She seemed to say, "What is it you mean?" "Is that what you mean?" and Colin answered by taking her hand again and drawing it through his arm.

"Whether you will have me or not," he said, "there is always the bond between us which Arthur has made sacred, and you must lean on me all the same. I think you will see what I mean if you consider it. There is only one way that I can be your true protector and guardian, and that is if you will consent to marry me, Alice. Will you? You know I have nothing to offer you; but I can work for you, and take care of you, and with me you would not be alone."

It was a strange way of putting it certainly,—very different from what Colin had intended to say, strangely different from the love-tale that had glided through his imagination by times since he became a man; but he was very earnest and sincere in what he said, and the innocent girl beside him was no critic in such matters. She trembled more and more, but she leaned upon him and heard him out with anxious attention. When he had ended, there was a pause, during which Colin, who had not hitherto been doubtful, began himself to feel anxious; and then Alice once more gave a wistful, inquiring look at his face.

"Don't be angry with me," she said; "it is so hard to know what to say. If you would tell me one thing quite truly and frankly— Would it not do you a great deal of harm if this was to happen as you say?"

"No," said Colin. When he said the word he could not help remembering, in spite of himself, the change it would make in his young prospects; but the result was only that he repeated his negative with more warmth.

"It can do me only good," said Colin, yielding to the natural temptations of the moment, "and I think I might do something for your

happiness too. It is for you to decide,—do not decide against me, Alice,” said the young man; “I cannot part with you now.”

“Ah!”—said Alice with a long breath. “If it only would not do you any harm,” she added, a moment after, once more with that inquiring look. The inquiry was one which could be answered but in one way, and Colin was not a man to remain unmoved by the wistful, sweet eyes thus raised to him, and by the tender dependence of the clinging arm. He set her doubts at rest almost as eloquently, and quite as warmly, as if she had indeed been that woman who had disappeared among the clouds forever, and led her home to Sora Antonia with a fond care, which was very sweet to the forlorn little maiden, and not irksome by any means to the magnanimous knight. Thus the decisive step was taken in obedience to the necessities of the position, and the arrangements (as Colin had decided upon them) of Providence. When he met Lauderdale and informed him of the new event, the young man looked flushed and happy, as was natural in the circumstances, and disposed of all the objections of prudence with great facility and

satisfaction. It was a moonlight night, and Colin and his friend went out to the *loggia* on the roof of the house, and plunged into a sea of discussion, through which the young lover steered triumphantly the frailest bark of argument that ever held water. But, when the talk was over, and Colin, before he followed Lauderdale down-stairs, turned round to take a parting look at the Campagna, which lay under them like a great map in the moonlight, the old apparition looked out once more from the clouds, pale and distant, and again seemed to wave to him a shadowy farewell. “Farewell! farewell! in heaven nor in earth will you ever find me,” sighed the woman of Colin’s imagination, dispersing into thin white mists and specks of clouds; and the young man went to rest with a vague sense of loss in his heart. The sleep of Alice was sweeter than that of Colin on this first night of their betrothal; but at that one period of existence, it often happens that the woman, for once in her life, has the advantage. And thus it was that the event, foreseen by Lauderdale on board the steamer at the beginning of their acquaintance, actually came to pass.

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COAL RESOURCES OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The *Quarterly Journal of Science* has a recent article on this subject, written by Edward Hull, of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. He enumerates the *coal-fields* of the kingdom, and estimates their capabilities as they appear to the eye of Geological Science. “Within a depth of four thousand feet from the surface there are in Great Britain, 83,544,000,000 tons of coal available;” and the probable annual consumption is estimated in the following closing paragraphs of the article:—

“Space will not admit of our doing more than to glance at the past history and future prospects of coal-mining. It may be said that up to the end of the last century, the art had only smouldered. It was when the invention of the steam-engine revolutionized the industry of this country, that mining burst forth with an energy previously unapproached. Probably not more than ten millions of tons of coal were raised at the commencement of this century; yet in 1830 the quantity raised was thirty millions, and in 1851 not less than fifty-four millions. From 1854 downwards, we have the returns of the Mining Record Office, which show a general ten-

dency to expansion, though with fluctuations, the maximum having been reached in 1861, when the enormous quantity of eighty-six millions of tons was brought to the surface.

“Notwithstanding these facts, however, it would be rash to assume that the experience of the past is to be a criterion of the future. We neither wish for, nor expect, an increase during the remainder of this century at all proportionate to that of the earlier half, and this view is borne out by some of the later returns. Some of our coal-fields, as has been shown, have passed their meridian, and, having expended their strength, are verging on decay. Others have attained their maximum, or nearly so; this indeed is the case with the majority. The younger coal-fields will have much of their strength absorbed in compensating for the falling-off of the older; so that in a few years the whole of our coal-producing districts will reach a stage of activity beyond which they cannot advance, but around which they may oscillate. Entertaining these views, I am inclined to place the possible maximum of production at one hundred millions of tons a year; and yet it has been shown that even with this enormous ‘output,’ there is enough coal to last for eight centuries.”



From Blackwood's Magazine.

# BANTING ON CORPULENCE.\*

OF all the salutations that ever were devised to express hearty good-will and large substantial friendship, recommend us to that of the Orientals: "May your shadow never be less!" Maceration, as a rule of life, is suitable only for hermits, anchorites, and suchlike recluses, who have faith in the efficacy of parched pease, and whose type of beatitude is the scarecrow. Orthodoxy is allied to plumpness, and a certain breadth of beam is most becoming to a high dignitary of the church. In the man of portly presence we expect to find—and rarely indeed are we disappointed in our expectations—a warm heart, a kindly, benevolent disposition, comprehensive charity, and a conscience void of offence. We feel that in such a man we can repose implicit trust,—we can make him the depositary of our secrets without fear of betrayal,—we can depend upon his good offices when we need the assistance of a friend. Very different are our sensations when we chance to encounter a gaunt hering-gutted individual of the human species, who, like the evil kine seen by royal Pharaoh in his dream, will not fatten upon the fairest pasture. His sharp looks and low-set hungry jaw instinctively beget distrust. He has the eye of a usurer, the yawn of an ogre, the gripe of a bailiff; and being utterly destitute of bowels, he yearns not for the calamities of his kind. Shrewd was the observation of Cæsar,—

"Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' night.  
Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look;  
I like him not,—such men are dangerous."

Julius, who was in perfect training, and did not weigh a single pound more than the standard of his height would justify, saw the danger, and would have prevented it. His keen eye detected the conspirator and assassin under the unwholesome skin of the ascetic; but Antony, who was somewhat pudding-headed, and whom a liberal diet of quails and venison had lulled into a chronic habit of good-nature, felt no suspicion, and even tried to vindicate the character of the leanest villain of the age.

We, therefore, being anxious that good men should abound, have a kindly feeling for the corpulent. It is a notable fact in criminal

\*"Letter on Corpulence, addressed to the Public." By William Banting.

statistics that no fat man was ever convicted of the crime of murder. Stout people are not revengeful; nor, as a general rule, are they agitated by gusts of passion. Few murderers weigh more than ten stone. There are, however, exceptions, which justify us in assuming eleven as the utmost limit of the sliding-scale, but beyond that there is no impulse toward homicide. Seldom has such a phenomenon as a fat housebreaker been paraded at a criminal bar. It is your lean, wiry fellow who works with the skeleton-keys, forces himself through closet-windows which seemingly would scarce suffice for the entrance of the necessary cat, steals with noiseless step along the lobby and up the stairs, glides into the chamber sacred for more than half a century to the chaste repose of the gentle Tabitha, and with husky voice, and the exhibition of an enormous carving-knife, commands silence on pain of instant death, and delivery of her cash and jewels. It is your attenuated thief who insinuates himself under beds, skulks behind counters, dives into tills, or makes prey of articles of commerce arrayed at shop-doors for the temptation of the credulous passenger. A corpulent burglar is as much out of place and as little to be feared as was Falstaff at Gadshill,—and what policeman ever yet gave chase to a depredator as bulky as a bullock? Corpulence, we maintain, is the outward sign not only of a good constitution, but of inward rectitude and virtue.

There is, however, such a thing as over-cultivation; and we should be sorry if any one, misled by these our preliminary remarks, should think that we are attempting to elevate pinguitude to the rank of a cardinal virtue. Men are not pigs, to be estimated entirely by the standard of weight; and though, in a certain sense, the late Daniel Lambert was one of the greatest men that ever lived, we certainly do not hold him forth as a suitable example for imitation. But we cannot give in to the theory that plumpness is a positive misfortune; and we are decidedly opposed to a system which proscribes as deleterious and unwholesome such articles of food as are the best known and most universally accepted,—which is essentially coarse and carnivorous, and though possibly well adapted for the training of a brutal gladiator, is in every respect unfitting for the nutriment of a reasonable Christian.

Seldom has fame descended with such amazing rapidity upon the shoulders of any man as upon those of Mr. William Banting, late of No. 27 St. James's Street, Piccadilly. Little more than a year ago his name was unknown beyond the limited but respectable circle of his acquaintance; now it has become a household word, and the doctrines which he has promulgated in his pamphlet have been adopted by thousands who acknowledge him as their instructor and guide. Though not professing to be the actual discoverer of a dietetic system which can cure or at least prevent many of the ills to which flesh is heir, he claims to be its first intelligible exponent; and as he uses none of the exotic terms or technical phrases with which medical men so commonly enwrap their meaning as to render it utterly obscure, but writes in plain, homely English, without any scientific nomenclature, he has found a ready and numerous audience. In vain do members of the faculty—not unjustifiably incensed by the accusations levelled at their order by this intruder into their own peculiar walk—insist that there is no novelty in the system, though its application may be of doubtful expediency. Mr. Banting replies that for thirty years and upwards he has been in search of a remedy against increasing corpulence, and has received no salutary counsel from any physician save the last, who regulated his diet.

"None of my family," he says, "on the side of either parent, had any tendency to corpulence, and from my earliest years I had an inexpressible dread of such a calamity; so, when I was between thirty and forty years of age, finding a tendency to it creeping upon me, I consulted an eminent surgeon, now long deceased,—a kind personal friend,—who recommended increased bodily exertion before my ordinary daily labors began, and thought rowing an excellent plan. I had the command of a good heavy life-boat, lived near the river, and adopted it for a couple of hours in the early morning. It is true I gained muscular vigor, but with it a prodigious appetite, which I was compelled to indulge, and consequently increased in weight, until my kind old friend advised me to forsake the exercise. He soon afterwards died; and as the tendency to corpulence remained, I consulted other high orthodox authorities (*never any inferior adviser*), but all in vain. I have tried sea air and bathing in various localities, with much walking exercise; taken gallons of physic and liquor

potassæ advisedly and abundantly; riding on horseback; the waters of Leamington many times, as well as those of Cheltenham and Harrogate frequently; have lived upon sixpence a-day, so to speak, and earned it, if bodily labor may be so construed; and have spared no trouble nor expense in consultations with the best authorities in the land, giving each and all a fair time for experiment, without any permanent remedy, as the evil still gradually increased."

This is no doubt a sweeping charge against the faculty; but when we consider it minutely, it appears to us that Mr. Banting is somewhat unreasonable in his complaints. True, he was possessed with a morbid horror for corpulence, and was vehemently desirous to get rid of some superfluous flesh which seemed to be rapidly accumulating; but we are nowhere told that his health had been impaired in the slightest degree,—indeed, the following passage leads us to the direct opposite conclusion:—

"When," says he, "a corpulent man eats, drinks, and sleeps well, has no pain to complain of, and no particular organic disease, the judgment of able men seems paralyzed; for I have been generally informed that corpulence is one of the natural results of increasing years; indeed, one of the ablest authorities as a physician in the land told me he had gained one pound in weight every year since he attained manhood, and was not surprised at my condition, but advised more bodily exercise, vapor-baths, and shampooing, in addition to the medicine given. Yet the evil still increased, and, like the parasite of barnacles on a ship, if it did not destroy the structure, it obstructed its fair comfortable progress in the path of life."

The "obstruction" to which Mr. Banting alludes seems to have been nothing more than an extreme dislike to be twitted on the score of punchiness. He says, with undeniable truth, that

"Any one so afflicted is often subject to public remark; and though in conscience he may care little about it, I am confident no man laboring under obesity can be quite insensible to the sneers and remarks of the cruel and injudicious in public assemblies, public vehicles, or the ordinary street-traffic; nor to the annoyance of finding no adequate space in a public assembly, if he should seek amusement or need refreshment; and therefore he naturally keeps away as much as possible from places where he is likely to be made the object of the taunts and remarks of others. I am as regardless of public remark

as most men, but I have felt those difficulties, and therefore avoided such circumscribed accommodation and notice, and by that means have been deprived of many advantages to health and comfort."

All that may be perfectly true, but we cannot see how it justifies his accusation of the doctors. Because cabmen and street-boys make impertinent remarks about stature,—because querulous people in the pit of the theatre object to having a human screen interposed between them and the spectacle,—because an elderly gentleman cannot contrive to squeeze himself with comfort into an opera stall, or the narrow box of a chophouse,—is it the duty of a physician to recommend such stringent measures as will make him a walking skeleton? It is the business of a doctor to cure disease, not to minister to personal vanity; and if Mr. Banting ate, drank, and slept well, and was affected by no actual complaint, we really cannot understand why he should have been so pertinacious in demanding medical assistance. We are acquainted with many estimable persons of both sexes, turning considerably more than fifteen stone in the scales,—a heavier weight than Mr. Banting has ever attained,—whose health is unexceptionable, and who would laugh to scorn the idea of applying to a doctor for recipe or regimen which might have the effect of marring their developed comeliness. What right, we ask, has Mr. Banting to brand obesity as one of the most "distressing parasites that affect humanity," while, by his own confession, he has never reached that point of corporeal bulk which is generally regarded as seemly and suitable to bishops, deans, mayors, provosts, aldermen, bailies, and even dowagers of high degree? We deny that a man weighing but a trifle above fourteen stone is entitled to call himself obese. It may be that such a one is not qualified to exhibit himself as a dancer on the tight rope, or to take flying leaps in the character of Harlequin; neither should we be inclined to give the odds in his favor if he were to enter himself as a competitor for the long race at a Highland meeting. But gentlemen in the position of Mr. Banting, who, we believe, has retired into private life after a successful business career, are not expected to rival Leotard, or to pit themselves in athletic contests against hairy-houghed Donald of the Isles. As a deer-stalker, it may be that he

would not win distinction,—for it is hard work even for light-weights to scramble up corries, or crawl on their bellies through moss-hags and water-channels for hours, before they can get the glimpse of an antler,—but many a country gentleman, compared with whom Mr. Banting at his biggest would have been but as a fatted calf to a full-grown bull, can take, with the utmost ease, a long day's exercise through stubble and turnips, and bring home his twenty brace of partridges, with a due complement of hares, without a symptom of bodily fatigue. Mr. Banting seems to labor under the hallucination that he was at least as heavy as Falstaff; we, on the contrary, have a shrewd suspicion that Hamlet would have beaten him in the scales.

It is, of course, in the option of all who are dissatisfied with their present condition to essay to alter it. Lean men may wish to become fatter, and fat men may wish to become leaner; but so long as their health remains unimpaired, they are not fit subjects for the doctor. We have no doubt that the eminent professional gentlemen whom Mr. Banting consulted took that view of the matter; and having ascertained that there was in reality no disease to be cured, gave him, by way of humoring a slight hypochondriac affection, a few simple precepts for the maintenance of a health which in reality required no improvement. Probably they opined that the burden of his flesh was no greater than he could bear with ease; and certainly, under the circumstances, there was no call upon them whatever to treat him as if he had been a jockey under articles to ride a race at Newmarket, whose success or failure might depend upon the exact number of pounds which he should weigh when getting into the saddle.

Excessive corpulence, we freely admit, may have its inconveniences. It is, as Mr. Banting justly remarks, rather a serious state of matters when a man, by reason of fatness, cannot stoop to tie his shoe, "nor attend to the little offices which humanity requires, without considerable pain and difficulty." To be "compelled to go down-stairs slowly backwards" is an acrobatic feat which no one save an expectant lord chamberlain would care to practise; and it is not seemly, and must be a disagreeable thing, "to puff and blow with every exertion," like a porpoise in a gale of wind. But, as we gather

from the pamphlet, these distressing symptoms did not exhibit themselves until very recently, whereas Mr. Banting says that he has been soliciting a remedy from the faculty any time during the last thirty years. He also makes constant reference to his increasing obesity throughout that period; therefore we are entitled to conclude that with advancing years he acquired additional weight, and did not arrive at the climax until 26th August, 1862, when, as he informs us, his weight was two hundred and two pounds, or fourteen stone six. That is not, after all, a very formidable weight for an elderly gentleman of sedentary habits. Tom Johnson, the pugilist, weighed fourteen stone when he entered the ring against and conquered Isaac Perrins, of Birmingham, supposed to be the most powerful man in England, and weighing seventeen stone. Neat weighed fourteen stone after training; and, according to the best of our recollection (for we have mislaid our copy of "Boxiana"), Josh Hudson was considerably heavier. Tom Cribb, the champion of England, weighed sixteen stone before he went into training for his great fight with Molineaux, and reduced himself in five weeks, through physic and exercise, to fourteen stone nine. By dint of sweating and severe work, he came to thirteen stone five, which was ascertained to be the pitch of his condition, as he could not reduce further without weakening. Such instances go far to prove that, even when his circumference was the widest, Mr. Banting process was a gradual one; he had been com- had no reason to complain of excessive corpulency. But even if he had, the enlarging plaining of obesity for thirty years; and if we suppose that he gained only a pound and a half per annum,—which is a very low rate of increase,—he must have been applying to the doctors for remedies against corpulence when he weighed only eleven stone three,—a weight which most men of thirty-five years of age would regard as natural and appropriate.

We have thought it right to make these observations, because Mr. Banting has chosen to insinuate that medical men generally are so ignorant of their calling that they do not understand the evils of obesity, or cannot conquer it by prescribing the proper diet.

"The remedy," says Mr. Banting, "may be as old as the hills, as I have since been

told, but its application is of very recent date: and it astonishes me that such a light should have remained so long unnoticed and hidden, as not to afford a glimmer to my anxious mind in a search for it during the last twenty years, even in directions where it might have been expected to be known. I would rather presume it is a new light than that it was purposely hidden, merely because the disease of obesity was not immediately dangerous to existence, nor thought to be worthy of serious consideration."

Now let us steadfastly survey this new light, which was flashed on the astonished eyes of Mr. Banting by the last practitioner whom he consulted. That light—but we really cannot continue the metaphor without making a botch of it, so let us have recourse to simpler language, and give Mr. Banting's account of the dietary which he was advised to follow, and the reasons assigned therefor.

"For the sake of argument and illustration, I will presume that certain articles of ordinary diet, however beneficial in youth, are prejudicial in advanced life, like beans to a horse whose common ordinary food is hay and corn. It may be useful food occasionally, under peculiar circumstances, but detrimental as a constancy. I will therefore adopt the analogy, and call such food human beans. The items from which I was advised to abstain as much as possible were,—bread, butter, milk, sugar, beer, and potatoes, which had been the main (and, I thought, innocent) elements of my existence, or at all events they had for many years been adopted freely. These, said my excellent adviser, contain starch and saccharine matter tending to create fat, and should be avoided altogether. At the first blush it seemed to me that I had little left to live upon, but my kind friend soon showed me that there was ample, and I was only too happy to give the plan a fair trial, and, within a very few days, found immense benefit from it. It may better elucidate the dietary plan if I describe generally what I have sanction to take; and that man must be an extraordinary person who would desire a better table:—

For breakfast, I take four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon or cold meat of any kind except pork; a large cup of tea (without milk or sugar), a little biscuit, or one ounce of dry toast.

For dinner, five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, any meat except pork, any vegetable except potato, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding, any kind of poultry or game, and two



or three glasses of good claret, sherry, or madeira,—champagne, port, and beer forbidden.

For tea, two or three ounces of fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk or sugar.

For supper, three or four ounces of meat or fish, similar to dinner, with a glass or two of claret.

For nightcap, if required, a tumbler of grog,—gin, whiskey, or brandy, without sugar,—or a glass or two of claret or sherry.

"This plan leads to an excellent night's rest, with from six to eight hours' sound sleep. The dry toast or rusk may have a tablespoonful of spirit to soften it, which will prove acceptable. Perhaps I did not wholly escape starchy or saccharine matter, but scrupulously avoided those beans, such as milk, sugar, beer, butter, etc., which were known to contain them."

Mr. Banting subsequently specifies veal, pork, herring, eels, parsnips, beetroot, turnips, and carrots as improper articles of food.

Now, before inquiring whether this dietary scheme be a new discovery or not, we beg to observe that Mr. Banting has fallen into a monstrous error in asserting that every substance tending to promote fatness or increase the bulk of the human body is necessarily deleterious. His analogy, as he calls it, of the beans, is purely fanciful and absurd. Farinaceous food, which, with extraordinary presumption, he denounces as unwholesome, forms the main subsistence of the peasantry, not only of the British Islands, but of the whole of Europe; and are we now to be told, forsooth, that bread, meal, and potatoes are "prejudicial in advanced life,"—that they may be "useful food occasionally, under peculiar circumstances, but detrimental as a constancy"? Are we to conclude, because Mr. Banting's medical adviser prohibited them, that milk and butter, beer and sugar, are little short of absolute poison? It would be easy to show, from the recorded tables of longevity, that the persons who have attained the most advanced ages, far beyond the ordinary span of human existence, have never used any other kind of diet save that which Mr. Banting's adviser has proscribed; but the idea is so manifestly preposterous, that it carries with it its own refutation. If Banting's bill of fare be the right one, and if the articles which he has been advised to avoid

are generally hurtful to adults,—Heaven help not only the working classes, but the greater proportion of the middle order, who certainly cannot afford to begin the day as Mr. Banting does, with a meat breakfast of kidneys, broiled fish, or bacon, such as might make a Frenchman stare, to repeat the diet, with the additions of poultry or game, both for dinner and supper, to interject a fruity tea, and to wash down each meal with a few glasses of claret, sherry, or madeira!

In fact, Mr. Banting has fallen into the egregious error of supposing that the food which agrees with him must agree with every other human being, and that articles which have been, perhaps judiciously, denied to him, must necessarily be hurtful to the rest of mankind. His logical position is this:—

Banting is a mortal;

Bread, potatoes, etc., are bad for Banting—therefore

No mortal should eat bread or potatoes.

But the falsity of the syllogism is apparent.

We are not all afflicted by Mr. Banting's tendency toward obesity, and therefore we need not regard "beans" with his more than Pythagorean horror. There is a deep truth in the old adage that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison;" and Mr. Banting might have escaped no small amount of ridicule, had he carefully laid it to heart, before promulgating the doctrine that kidneys are more wholesome than potatoes, and that bread should be generally tabooed.

We fully appreciate the excellence of the motive which has induced Mr. Banting to offer his observations upon corpulence to the public; but we can inform him that there is no kind of novelty in the system which was recommended by his last medical adviser, and which has led to such fortunate results. Training has long ago been reduced to a science, and the diet to be observed during training has received the most careful attention. The following were some of the rules of diet approved of by the late John Jackson, the celebrated teacher of pugilism, with whom Lord Byron used to spar. They are given at full length in Sir John Sinclair's work upon health and longevity:—

"The diet is simple,—animal food alone; and it is recommended to take very little salt and some vinegar with the food, which prevents thirst, and is good to promote leanness. Vegetables are never given, as turnips or car-



rots, which are difficult to digest; nor potatoes, which are watery. But bread is allowed, only it must be stale. Veal and lamb are never given, nor is pork, which has tendency to purge some people. Beefsteaks are reckoned very good, and rather under-done than otherwise, as all meat in general is; and it is better to have the meat broiled than roasted or boiled, by which nutriment is lost. No fish whatever is allowed, because it is reckoned watery, and not to be compared with meat in point of nutriment. The fat of meat is never given, but the lean of the best meat. No butter nor cheese on any account. Pies and puddings are never given, nor any kind of pastry."

The like diet is prescribed for jockeys, pedestrians, and all others whose weight is to be materially reduced; but in such cases recourse is likewise had to sweatings, hard exercise, and preparatory doses of medicine. Mr. Jackson, however, says with regard to training,—

"A person in high life cannot be treated in exactly the same manner at first, from the indulgences to which he has been accustomed; nor is his frame in general so strong. They eat too much made dishes and other improper food, and sit too long at table, and eat too great a variety of articles; also drink too much wine. No man should drink more than half a pint of wine." He says, moreover, "A course of training would be an effectual remedy for bilious complaints. Corpulent people, by the same system, could be brought into a proper condition."

But, not to multiply authorities, which would be rather tedious, let us refer at once to the "*Physiologie du Goût*" of Mons. Brillat-Savarin, a work which has the merit of being extremely popular and amusing, and we shall presently see that no new light was flashed from the scientific lantern of Mr. Banting's medical adviser. A translation, or rather abridgment, of that treatise was published by Longman & Co., in 1859, under the title of "*The Hand-book of Dining*;" and from it we extract the following remarks on

#### "OBESITY OR EMBONPOINT."

"The primary cause of embonpoint is the natural disposition of the individual. Most men are born with certain predispositions, which are stamped upon their features. Out of one hundred persons who die of consumption, ninety have brown hair, a long face, and a sharp nose. Out of one hundred fat ones, ninety have short faces, round eyes, and a short nose.

"Consequently there are persons whose destiny it is to be fat. This physical truth has often given me annoyance. I have at times met in society some dear little creature with rounded arms, dimpled cheeks, and hands, and pert little nose, fresh and blooming, the admiration of every one, when, taught by experience, I cast a rapid mental glance through the next ten years of her life, and I behold these charms in another light, and I sigh internally. This anticipated compassion is a painful feeling, and gives one more proof that man would be very unhappy if he could foresee the future.

"The second and chief cause of obesity is to be found in the mealy or floury substances of which man makes his food. All animals that live on farinaceous food grow fat; man follows the common law. Mixed with sugar, the fattening qualities increase. Beer is very fattening. Too much sleep and little exercise will promote corpulency. Another cause of obesity is in eating and drinking too much."

Here the whole philosophy of the matter is set forth in a few simple terms. Certain people have a natural tendency towards fat, and that tendency will be materially assisted by a farinaceous and saccharine diet. But so far from regarding such substances as unwholesome, which view Mr. Banting, in his pure ignorance, has adopted, Brillat-Savarin considers them as eminently nutritious; he would only regulate their use in cases where the tendency has been clearly ascertained.

"Of all medical powers, diet is the most efficient, because it acts incessantly, day and night, sleeping or waking: it ends by subjugating the individual. Now the diet against corpulency is indicated by the most common and active cause of obesity; and as it has been proved that farinaceous food produces fat, in man as well as in animals, it may be concluded that abstinence from farinaceous substances tends to diminish embonpoint.

"I hear my fair friends exclaim that I am a monster who wishes to deprive them of everything they like. Let them not be alarmed.

"If they must eat bread, let it be brown bread: it is very good, but not so nutritious as white bread.

"If you are fond of soup, have it à la *ju-lienne*, or with vegetables, but no paste, no macaroni.

"At the first course eat anything you like, except the rice with fowls, or the crust of *pâtes*.

"The second course requires more philosophy. Avoid everything farinaceous. You

can eat roast, salad, and vegetables. And if you must needs have some sweets, take chocolate, creams, and jellies, and punch in preference to orange or others.

"Now comes dessert. New danger. But if you have been prudent so far, you will continue to be so. Avoid biscuits and macaroons; eat as much fruit as you like.

"After dinner take a cup of coffee and a glass of liqueur. Tea and punch will not hurt you.

"At breakfast brown bread and chocolate in preference to coffee. No eggs. Anything else you like. You cannot breakfast too early. If you breakfast late, the dinner-hour comes before you have properly digested; you do not eat the less, and this eating without an appetite is a prime cause of obesity, because it often occurs.

"The above regulations are to prevent embonpoint. The following are for those who are already victims:—

"Drink, every summer, thirty bottles of Seltzer water,—a large tumblerful every morning, two hours before breakfast, and the same before you go to bed. Drink white wines, and rather acid. Avoid beer like the plague. Eat radishes, artichokes, celery; eat veal and chicken in preference to beef and mutton. Only eat the crust of your bread; you will be all the lighter and younger for it."

The system recommended by Savarin is, as our readers will observe, in essentials the same as that which Mr. Banting has proclaimed, with so much pomposity, to be an original discovery; but how infinitely more elegant and refined is the *carte* sketched by the Parisian gastronome than the gross flesh-market bill of fare propounded by the English epicure! It will be observed that veal, which is expressly forbidden by Banting, is recommended by Savarin. We side in opinion with the Frenchman. Beef, as a constant article of food, is too nutritious for persons with a corpulent tendency. Roger Bacon, in his treatise, "*De retardandis Senectutis Malis*," expressly forbids it to old men, warning them that, if they accustom themselves to such meat, dropsies will be engendered, stoppages in the liver, and in like manner obstructions in the spleen, and stones in the kidneys and bladder. Veal and chickens, he thinks, ought decidedly to have the preference. And the following instance is strongly confirmatory of that view. Humphries, the pugilist, was trained by Ripsham, the keeper of the jail at Ipswich. He was sweated in bed, and afterwards twice phys-

icked. He was weighed once a day, and at first fed on beef; but as on that food he got too much flesh, they were obliged to change it to mutton.

As there are many persons whose health and appearance would be materially improved by putting on a little more of that garb of flesh which has proved such an intolerable burden to Mr. Banting, we confidently recommend to their study the treatise of M. Savarin, wherein the means of attaining a becoming degree of pinguitude are elaborately explained. "Leanness," says this wise philosopher, though it may be no absolute disadvantage to a man, "is a great disaster for ladies, for beauty is their life, and beauty consists chiefly in the rounded limb and graceful curve. The most *recherche* toilet, the best dressmakers in the world, cannot supply certain absences, or hide certain angles. But a woman who is born thin may be fattened like a chicken. It may take more time. The ladies must pardon me the simile, but I could not find a better." Clearly he is in the right. Even the savage instinct recognizes the charms of female pinguitude, and takes care that it is properly cultivated. Art follows closely in the wake of instinct. What painter has ever dared to depict, or what sculptor to chisel out, a wood-nymph in attenuated form, or an angular and scraggy Venus?

No wonder that Mr. Banting, having a natural tendency towards corpulence, found himself, in his sixty-third year, much fatter than was at all convenient. He has, with amiable candor, given us a sketch of his former dietary, and after perusing it, we cannot wonder at the result. Buttered toast, beer, and pastry were his favorite articles of consumption; and moreover, he was in the habit of taking four meals a day, which is greatly too much for a man of sedentary habits and occupation. We are strongly inclined to think that if Mr. Banting had somewhat restrained his appetite, practised occasional fastings, and entirely abstained from heavy, wet, buttered crumpets, muffins, and *pâtisseries*, he would have fully attained his object, without discontinuing the use of bread, sugar, or potatoes. Men have been known materially to reduce their weight, and at the same time to gain additional health and strength, by restricting themselves entirely to the use of the simplest farinaceous food.

Such is the case of Wood, the miller of Bilericray in Essex, stated in the "Transactions of the London College of Physicians." This man, it would appear, had attained to such a degree of corpulency by the free use of flesh meat and ale that his life had become a burden to him; but he succeeded in reducing himself to a moderate bulk by the following means: His reformed diet consisted of a simple pudding made by boiling coarse flour in water, without salt. Of this he consumed about three pounds in twenty-four hours, and took no fluid whatever, not even water. On this he lived in perfect health for many years, went through a great deal of exercise in the open air, and was able to carry five hundred pounds' weight, "which," says our authority, "was more than he could lift in his youth, when he lived on animal food, and drank freely of ale." In fact, the man fed upon porridge, from time immemorial the favorite diet of the Scottish peasantry, among whom obesity is unknown. Pure farinaceous food can never be hurtful. On the contrary, as Mr. Banting may learn from a perusal of the first chapter of the book of Daniel, it is infinitely more wholesome both for mind and body than a dietary of butcher-meat and wine. But buttered toast, pastry, and beer are proper materials for the formation of a Lambert; and so long as Mr. Banting indulged freely in those luxuries, which we object not to his stigmatizing as "beans," he was necessarily compelled periodically to enlarge the limits of his girdle.

Mr. Banting, with great propriety, wishes that the subject should be well "ventilated," and we are doing our very best to gratify that desire. His own experiences, we are bound to admit, have been quite satisfactory, inasmuch as, by adopting a certain dietary, he has reduced his weight from fourteen stone six pounds to ten stone ten pounds with apparent advantage to his health, and hitherto without any evil consequence. It is also remarkable that these results have been attained without the necessity of having recourse to violent exercise or the use of medicine, which latter consideration is undoubtedly in favor of his system. Mr. Banting indeed makes mention of a certain corrective cordial which he calls the "Balm of Life," a spoonful of which, taken before breakfast, he found remarkably salutary. The recipe for this draught he declines to give, but we have little doubt that it is of

the same nature as that recommended by Mons. Brillat-Savarin for the reduction of embonpoint; namely, a teaspoonful of bark, to be taken in a glass of white wine, about two hours before breakfast. But he does not seem to have used any medicines of a purgative nature, such as trainers sometimes administer,—a decided point in his favor; and altogether it is reasonable that he should hug himself on the successful result of his experiment. But nostrums, if we may use such a term, are not infallible. Mr. Banting is to be commended for his prudence in not insisting too strongly upon the universal applicability of his system, which may not, as he candidly admits, be suitable for every constitution; for great harm might ensue if his suggestions were to be implicitly adopted, and violent changes made in their dietary and mode of living by persons whose bulk is not excessive. All sudden changes of diet are hazardous; and more especially when the change is made from what is usually considered a light diet—that is, one in which vegetable substances predominate—to a heavier kind of nutriment. Excellent is the advice given in the *Regimen Sanitatis* of Salerno.

*"Omnibus adsuetam jubeo servare dietam,  
Quod sic esse proba, ne sit mutare necesse."*

Unless much exercise is taken there is great risk that such changes will engender acute disease; and men of sedentary habits should be very cautious of adopting what Mr. Banting is pleased to denominate a "luxurious and liberal dietary." Failing exercise, their best means of maintaining health is to use frequent abstinence, and always to be strictly temperate. Meat breakfasts, and continuous indulgence in the flesh-pots of Egypt, are every whit as dangerous as the copious imbibation of wine, or the consumption of ardent spirits; and they may be confident of this, that a gross gladiatorial diet will neither secure them immunity from disease, nor promote their chances of longevity. Man is an omnivorous animal; but nature, by limiting the number of his canine teeth, has distinctly indicated that animal food ought to form the smallest portion of his nutriment. Dr. Cheyne, in his "Essay on Health," gives the following calculation of the quantity of food sufficient to keep a man of ordinary stature, following no laborious employment, in due plight, health, and vigor. He allows eight ounces of flesh meat, twelve

of bread or vegetable food, and about a pint of wine or other generous liquor, in the twenty-four hours. But he adds that the valitudinarian, and those employed in sedentary professions or intellectual studies, must lessen this quantity, if they would wish to preserve their health and the freedom of their spirits long. That may appear but spare diet; and we freely grant that a foxhunter or other keen sportsman might add to the allowance both solid and liquid, without any risk of evil consequences. But no man engaged in literary work will be able to accomplish anything worth sending to the printer, if he begins the day with kidneys, bacon, and mutton-chops, indulges in four substantial meals, and crams himself with as much butcher-meat as would satisfy the maw of a hyena. Of course his stomach would be equally clogged and his brain added if he stuffed himself with buttered toast, muffins, beer, and pastry; but such viands are more affected by ladies of Mrs. Gamp's profession than by men of intellectual pursuits, who know and feel that a clear head and a light stomach are indispensable for the prosecution of their labors.

We rise from the perusal of Mr. Banting's pamphlet with our belief quite unshaken in the value of bread and potatoes as ordinary and universal articles of diet. We maintain the excellency and innocency of porridge and pease-pudding; and we see no reason for supposing that any one will become a Jeshurun because he uses milk with his tea, and sweetens it with a lump of sugar. Starch and sugar are eminently nutritious, but they are not therefore unwholesome; on the contrary, if used in moderation, they will promote longevity, and prevent many of those diseases which the copious consumption of flesh is exceedingly apt to engender. Mr. Banting has certainly found a remedy for the complaint which weighed so heavily on his spirits; but we feel assured that he would have found the same measure of relief, had he simply exercised some control over his appetite, given his stomach more time to digest by lessening the inordinate number of his meals, abstained altogether from beer, and resolutely steeled his heart against the manifold temptations of the pastry-cook. We advise no one, whatever be his weight or girth, to adopt implicitly the system recommended by Mr. Banting, at least until he has

tried the effect of a temperate mixed diet (the vegetable element preponderating) combined with early hours and a due amount of exercise. We have no sympathy with the vegetarians who decry the use of animal food, and believe that Nebuchadnezzar's hallucination in the way of pasturage was prompted by a natural instinct; but we are assured there is no instance on record of death ensuing from the use of farinaceous food, whereas close behind the carnivorous gorging stalks the hideous form of apoplexy, ready to smite him down when his stomach is full, and the veins of his forehead distended with indulgence in his fleshly lusts. A mixed diet is the best: and after all that has been said and written on the subject, temperance is the one thing needful to secure a man against the evils of inordinate obesity.

From The Spectator.

#### THE INTELLECT OF THE PAPACY.

THE tradition of ability adheres to the papacy, and is one of its most formidable powers. The misgivings felt, for example, as to the result of this convention are chiefly produced by the idea that as the papacy disapproves, the papacy is sure to employ some scheme, some deep intrigue, some subtle wile with which temporal leaders cannot cope, to bring the great intent to nought. People forget that the conditions which secured intellectual power in the administration of the Papal Church have all been altered by the growth of events, and the policy it has pleased Rome for the last half-century to adopt. During the Middle Ages, and down through modern history to the outbreak of the French Revolution, the aristocracy of the church acted, in fact, as the highest official caste in Europe. They were premiers and chancellors in France, ministers in Spain, princes in Germany, satraps in Italy and Hungary, eminent in law, in finance, in politics, and even in war. The Bishop of Rome was a sovereign with armies and a people; the cardinals administered provinces; the Archbishops of Trèves, Mayence, and Cologne were influential princes; the Archbishop of Grätz was in all but name a viceroy; nothing in Spain, or France, or Catholic Germany, not even opinion, prevented churchmen from aspiring to the highest secular dignities. Not three years before the Revolution the Archbishop of Toulouse was Premier of France; after it a

bishop was virtually first minister of Spain. Every bishop was in his diocese a dignitary regarded as part of the administration, often more trusted by the royal agents than the hereditary aristocracy with whom in France, Spain, and Austria they maintained an incessant secret feud. The ecclesiastics occupied for centuries the position of the higher aristocracy in Britain, with no right indeed to power, but with something very like a preferential claim, and with chances which from their training, their culture, their cosmopolitan relations, and their strict class sympathy were greatly superior to those of average laymen. Of course, with such prizes to gain, they fitted themselves to gain them, and ecclesiastics became national statesmen like Richelieu, administrators like Mazarine, diplomatists like De Retz, rulers like Pope Ganganelli. Of course, also, their points of contact with the world being endless, they acquired the mental habits necessary in earthly concerns, learned to understand men, to tolerate opposition, to watch ideas, to employ or to affect the judicial habit without which statesmen are perpetually in extremes. Formed out of the pick and flower of men like these, the highest statesmen of the most civilized lands, the Papal Court undoubtedly became a formidable intellectual force. Its international action might well be wise, for it was guided by cardinals who knew as diplomatists every court in Europe, and as confessors the secret instincts of the highest secular minds. The pope who quarrelled with Maria Theresa had to advise him a cardinal who was Kaunitz's equal in politics and a record of the empress's most secret confessions. The Vatican might well know how to keep down the States of the Church, for the cardinal-governors had helped to rule and to guide the population of kingdoms. It might well understand finance, for bishops and abbots owned for life the largest European estates, were occupied from ordination in administering revenues which vied with those of kings. The Archbishopric of Grätz, for example, was richer than the Imperial House. It might well keep from collision with the spirit of the age, for the "college" was the only international parliament, the only deliberative body, in which sat men familiar with the secret springs of action throughout many lands. The Church of Rome was, in fact, a corporation governed by a group of men, each one

of whom might have risen to a superior power in some one country, each one of whom was then governing, guiding, or subduing considerable masses of lay society.

That magnificent training ended with the French Revolution. When the waters subsided and ancient things reëmerged, the clerical and the French aristocracy were almost the only corporations not reëlevated out of the mud. The clerical principalities were all abolished. Cardinals, though restored, found themselves ruling Italians who for fifteen years had been governed by French prefects and Bonapartist viceroys. Soldier-statesmen were at the top, and they rejected clerical interference, felt Talleyrand's orders an obstacle to recognition, and steadily supported the State as against the church. Opinion had become fixed against the mixture of the sacerdotal and the governing functions, and since Napoleon's banishment, no great ecclesiastic has held anywhere in Europe very high secular office. They have been driven back upon ecclesiastical affairs, and ecclesiastical affairs as managed on the policy of resisting the tendencies and ideas of modern civilization. The consequence has been first to deter the ambitious and the powerful, the independent and the original, from entering the church, and then to condemn those who have entered it to a special and limited round of duties, to cut the priesthood off from the work of life as they have previously been cut off from most of its responsibilities. The study of jurisprudence and finance, of politics and society, no longer paid, and was of course abandoned, the clergy ceased in great measure to possess landed estates, the bishops ceased to be great temporal functionaries, and the church alone absorbed the attention of the clerical order. Ambition showed itself in energetic assertion of priestly power, courtliness in the careful suit of ecclesiastical superiors, administrative ability in the reduction of all *curés*, orders, or convents into strict subjection to the authority emanating from Rome. Ability thus narrowed in its exercise soon decreased, and two almost accidental circumstances completed the revolution. The danger of allowing the clergy to catch the tone of modern thought was strongly felt at Rome, and a special education, the training called on the Continent "Seminarist," was finally insisted on. That education is in some respects well



adapted to its ends. The young Levites emerge from it with some knowledge and more learning, remarkable power of self-control, great patience, and entire devotion to the interests of the church. But it crushes originality, leaves worldly efficiency little room for growth, and entirely prohibits the development of variety of power. The man trained in the seminary emerges an ingrained priest, with a barrier between his mind and the secular mind which forbids their ever acting powerfully on one another. He does not perceive that his views are not those of mankind, that his dialect is repulsive to educated men, that his zeal is fatal to the compromise which is the result of almost all modern conflict. He stands apart from mankind in thought, yet is man in all his weaknesses, and his influence, therefore, instead of being universal, is confined to those predisposed to accept it as divine. The priest has ceased to be wise as the serpent without becoming harmless as the dove, fights laymen on points which the older cleric would have known were unimportant, strives against forces which Hildebrand would have seen were certain to defeat him, and carefully leaves to civilization no alternative except death or a final victory over himself and the church he represents. Instead of declaring that the church can co-exist with any form of human society, so that it be but at the top, accepting democracy, for instance, as Hildebrand accepted aristocracy, when the old imperial power showed signs of breaking up, he declares that society must be immutable as divine truth, must crystallize its own life as well as the formularies through which it is invited to worship the Creator. For men imbued with such sentiments policy in any large sense ceases to exist, and they are capable only of the blind obstinacy contained in the *non possumus*, of such mere intrigue as that which tries to rule France through the influence of the empress, or to dissolve Italian unity by blessing brigands who are plundering decent Catholics. Had the church, for example, sanctioned and regulated the idea of socialism, which is only monastic organization extended, it might have coerced Catholic society almost at pleasure, certainly held all Catholic princes in a grasp of iron. The second accidental cause is the increased authority of the Roman Court in the selection of its own chiefs. Time was when able men could occasionally compel their

own admission into the college. If a Montmorency or De Rohan, a Savelli or Colonna, the favorite of a king or the confessor of an emperor, chose to be a cardinal, it was very hard, almost impossible, to prevent him; and the church was annually strengthened by intrusive young capacity. Nothing of the kind happens now, the court chooses for itself, and uninfluenced by secular pressure, it chooses men who are old, safe, and ready to utter the Ultramontane shibboleths in all their unctuous completeness. No one, for example, doubts that if the English archbishopric were vacant, the Camera would choose a man like Dr. Manning in preference to a man like Dr. Newman, the unctuous ecclesiastic rather than the able and thoughtful priest. The Camera, in fact, is driven by its new attitude and its new tendencies to select from a caste without the highest training, men whose powers are half-worn out before they reach the opportunity of action, and who from the first were without the mental strength which shows itself in independence. Ignatius Loyola would now be passed over as dangerously desirous of personal power, Leo X. as far too learned, Hildebrand as far too contemptuous of finesse in dealing with the secular arm.

But, say Protestants, still bewildered by the fear inspired by centuries of tradition, the confessional supplies for the purposes of Rome all other defects of training. The priest learns there all the weaknesses of the human heart, and what can man striving after power desire more? Just one thing, to know also all the *strengths* of the human heart, which men do not and cannot make known in confession. The confessional will teach the priest the exact degree of tendency to crime existing in the Romagna, but not the extent of the tendency to die for the sake of Italy, the force of lust, but not the force of patriotism, the danger from heresy, but not the danger from a crave for more railways. The Roman Church in Naples plays on human weakness as on a harpsichord, in order to produce a feeling for autonomy; but the single strength of the Neapolitan, his love for Italy, escapes her fingers and falsifies all her efforts at regulating the tune. The clergy are never baffled by man's wickedness or imbecilities, for they understand them all, but by his virtuous impulses, his love for liberty, for country, for progress, for things not self-

ish, the force of which the priest has no means of knowing. The confessional is but a half education. Supplemented by contact with actual life, it makes the most adroit of managers, alone it leaves those managers under the wretched delusion that men's action is guided in times of emotion by their baser desires. That blunder is fatal to statesmanship, for it forbids its victim to recognize the force of national passion, of the transient but lofty emotions which produce secular changes. Sir James Graham knew human nature well, and decided that love for income being strong in priests, the Scotch clergy would not in the end throw up their livings for the sake of a principle; emotion being stronger than prudence or avarice, they did throw them up, and Sir James Graham was proved *quoad* that movement only a silly guesser. Every ruling priest has from the training of the confessional a tendency to become a Sir James Graham.

It is from this training to feebleness that we believe the new characteristic of the papacy, its intellectual impotence, has mainly or wholly arisen. Under the present pope that feebleness has, we conceive, been manifested in almost every conjuncture. There was no necessity for him, when his liberal reforms broke down, to throw himself so strongly into the reaction, no need to pique the Bonapartes by personal insults, no obligation to leave the administration of his States so corrupt, no gain in relying exclusively on Austria, no pressure to quarrel with England by reviving the old sees, no object in leaving Rome the worst governed city of earth, no reason for fighting in irritated powerlessness against the French policy in Mexico, or the Republican policy in the Spanish American States; above all, no compulsion whatever to make the quarrel between himself and Italy affect his pontifical as well as his regal authority over Italians. Despotism on the papal theory there may be, for the pope is Christ's vicegerent, but nothing binds the Vatican to make that despotism silly. A Sextus Quintus, in 1850, would have so organized the Patrimony that all earth should have pointed to it as the one example of wise and gentle rule of the church made a living power on earth; but the papacy had only Pio Nono. We hear eternally of the subtle craft of the Vatican; but the Vatican loses every game, has been beaten in Mexico, beaten in

France, beaten in Italy, beaten at the very moment of permanent victory in Belgium. It could not even win in Spain, and with court and populace at its back still lost its estate. Cavour laughed at the intrigues of the cardinals, the Nuncio in Paris did not know of the recent convention till it had been executed, and the most secret resolves of the College reach the Tuileries before their army of obedient agents have had even a hint to act. The organization is breaking down, because in declaring war on the human mind it has cut itself off from its long possessed resource, the aid of the highest mental power. It has to match itself in the game of statesmanship with Napoleon, and he always wins the rubber; in the game of intrigue with Italian laymen, and they never lose a point. A genius might even now save the temporal power; but genius is the one force Jesuit seminaries are incompetent to breed. The Vatican wants a Sextus V., and has only Monsignor de Merode.

From The Reader.

#### MADAME ROLAND.

1. *Etude sur Madame Roland et son Temps, suivie des lettres de Mde. Roland à Buzot, et d'autres Documents inédits.* Par C. A. Dauban. Paris: Plon.
2. *Memoires de Madame Roland.* Entièrement conforme au Manuscrit Autographe transmis en 1858 par une legs à la Bibliothèque Impériale. Publiée avec des Notes par C. A. Dauban. Paris: Plon.
3. *Memoires de Madame Roland écrits durant sa Captivité.* Nouvelle Edition, revue et complétée sur les Manuscrits Autographes et accompagnée de Notes et de Pièces inédites. Par M. P. Faugere. Hachette & Co.

Among the victims of the French Revolution there is scarcely one who has excited such compassionate interest as Madame Roland. Her beauty, her great talents, her high character and pure patriotism, the influence she exercised upon the more moderate and respectable section of the Republicans, the fortitude with which she bore the sorrows of her imprisonment and the intrepidity with which she met her tragic fate,—all have tributed to render her an object of attraction and pity. She stands forth among her contemporaries as a fair representative of what was best in the party that overthrew the ancient monarchy. In the prejudices of that party she fully shared, and her memoirs

speak of Louis XVI. and of his political intentions in terms which history has certainly not ratified. But, in the generally noble aims of the Girondists, and in their utter abhorrence of the excesses of Robespierre and his crew, she also fully shared: and when her friends fell before that Nemesis of successful agitators,—the necessity of governing in the face of agitators more extreme than themselves,—their fall bore her with them in a common ruin. Able and, for the most part, upright men, had they all possessed her energy and courage, it is possible they might have made a more effectual stand than they did. Be that as it may, few nobler deaths than hers were the result of their want of practical governing power.

Madame Roland was born in Paris on the 18th of March, 1754. Her father was an engraver on metal, and belonged to the *bourgeois* class. Her mother was a woman of sense; and, though not in any wise remarkable, obtained a strong hold on the affections of her only daughter, who speaks of her in her memoirs with the tenderest affection and respect. From a very early age the child manifested a great aptitude for study, and systematically devoured every book that came within her reach. She had also thrown all the ardor of her nature into the performance of her religious duties. At the age of eleven she was sent, at her own earnest request, to a convent, in order that she might prepare herself more calmly and suitably for her "first communion." Here it was that she formed with Sophie Cannet one of those intensely strong attachments which occasionally exist between deep-hearted unmarried women. Her frequent letters to her friend have been published, and contain a pretty complete history of her life up to the date of her marriage. The correspondence then ceases; for M. Roland seems, foolishly enough, to have regarded the matter with jealousy, and to have expressed a desire that intimate relations should cease. His wife's comment on this is: "It was ill-judged; for matrimony is a grave and solemn state, and if you deprive a woman of feeling of the pleasures of friendship with persons of her own sex, you expose her to temptation." However, notwithstanding this separation and the divergence of their political opinions, the bond of affection that had united Madame Roland to Sophie Cannet and to her sister Henriette did not break utterly.

Some idea of its strength may be obtained from the fact that, when, many years afterwards, the former was waiting in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie for the death that was advancing but too surely, Henriette came and offered to die in her stead. The interview was thus described to a friend by one of the actors:

"I was a widow and had no children; Madame Roland had a husband already advanced in years and a charming little daughter who required the care of a wife and of a mother. What was more natural than that I should expose my useless life to save hers? My wish was to exchange clothing with her and to remain a prisoner while she endeavored to escape under favor of the disguise. All my entreaties, all my tears, remained fruitless. 'But they would kill you,' she repeated constantly; 'your blood would be upon me. Rather would I suffer a thousand deaths than have to reproach myself with yours,'"

On leaving the convent Mademoiselle Phlippon went back to live with her parents, and spent the years of her girlhood and early womanhood chiefly in study. The first event of any importance that broke the calm monotony of her existence was the death of her mother, which happened in 1775. After this, her father, who seems to have been an excessively commonplace man, took gradually to vicious courses, and wasted his daughter's fortune. Disgusted with his conduct, she determined to abandon him; and it was while living in solitude that she accepted the hand of M. Roland. This gentleman succeeded where many had failed; for Madame Roland, with a self-complacency which is one of the worst features in her character, gives us to understand that she had had any number of offers. The marriage took place in the early part of 1780, and was, on the whole, more happy than might have been expected of a marriage so entirely *de raison*. For M. Roland was twenty years older than his wife, and not young for his age,—a man of learning and severe moral principle, but egotistical, pedantic, and devoid of any very lovable qualities. His profession was that of a government inspector of arts and manufactures. In all his literary pursuits his wife took a very active share,—in fact, it would seem that the best and most effective bits in his writings are nearly always due to her pen. She herself says,—

"The habit of, and the taste for, a studious

life made me share in the labors of my husband so long as he remained a private individual; I wrote with him as I ate with him, because the one came to me as naturally as the other, and because, living only for his happiness, I devoted myself to what gave him the greatest amount of pleasure. He described the arts,—I described them also, though they were wearisome to me; he was fond of erudition,—we made our researches together; if he relaxed his mind by sending some literary fragment to an academy, we worked at it together, or separately, so as to compare our work and select the better, or else remodel the two; if he had written homilies, I should have done the same. He became a minister; I did not take any part in the administrative portion of his duties; but if there was a circular to be despatched, a series of instructions or an important public paper to be drawn up, we conferred on the subject together, according to the confidence subsisting between us; and, penetrated with his ideas, full of my own, I took up the pen which I had more time to wield than he. Both having the same principles and the same spirit, we ended by agreeing in the manner of putting them into words; and my husband had nothing to lose in passing through my hands. I could express nothing with respect to justice and reason which he was not capable of realizing and upholding by his character and conduct; and I depicted better than he could have described what he had executed, or what he could promise to accomplish. Roland, without me, would not have been a less good administrator; his activity, his knowledge, were his own, like his uprightness; with me he produced more sensation, because I put into his writings that mixture of strength with sweetness, of the authority of reason with the charms of feeling which belong, perhaps, only to a woman gifted with a tender heart and a healthy brain. I worked with delight at these writings, which I deemed were destined to be useful; and I found in their production more pleasure than if I had been known as their author. I yearn for happiness; and find it in the good I do, and do not even feel any need of glory; I do not see in this world any part which suits me except that of Providence. I allow the mischievous to regard this avowal as an impertinence, for it must bear some resemblance to one; but those who know me will see nothing in it but what is sincere like myself."

We may here remark that it was in his capacity as an administrator—the one which Madame Roland declares was exclusively his own—that her husband most signally failed. But to return to the wife: notwithstanding

all her literary avocations, she prided herself on never neglecting her household duties. One trait especially deserves notice, as being very singular in France at that time, and not now as common as it should be; namely, that she insisted on being her child's nurse.

In the latter part of the year 1791, his inspectorship having been abolished, Roland left Lyons, where he had been living for some time, and came to Paris. He was already a strong partisan of the revolutionary opinions that were gaining strength with every hour and shaking society to its foundations. It was an anxious time; but as yet the horrors of the Reign of Terror had not been felt, and upright men still looked forward with hope and confidence. Flying from the abuses of the past, they did not perceive that they were rushing headlong into a pit of still darker abuses in the future. Madame Roland was all eagerness, and threw herself into the movement with all the passion of her nature. Indeed, it raises a sad smile to compare the language in which she speaks of the turbulence of the populace at this time with that which she used when the oppression of her own friends had shown her the justice of mob-law. Roland, immediately on his arrival in Paris, joined the society of the Jacobins and made himself very active as a member of the Corresponding Committee. Utterly to his own and to his wife's surprise, he was, on the 24th of March, 1792, appointed *Ministre de l'Intérieur* by Louis XVI., who had determined to try to govern with a popular ministry. For this post Roland, it is not too much to say, was quite unfit; and his nomination can only be explained by a complete dearth of men of capacity and integrity. During the ten weeks of his tenure of office he seems to have applied himself mainly to weakening the monarchy which he should have strengthened; and in the manner of his resignation he weakened it still more. The once famous letter announcing his determination to the king was the work of his wife.

Two months afterwards, on the 10th of August, the people invaded the Tuileries; the king fled for refuge to the National Assembly, and was deposed, the revolution was triumphant, and Roland was reinstated as Minister of the Interior. The times were now terrible and the position horribly responsible. What was wanted was a states-



man ready in decision, firm and prompt in action, fertile in expedients, plausible in speech. Roland, with the best intentions, was a pedant, and powerless as a leader of men. Something better than sententious circulars was required to rule revolutionary France at a time when the mob was butchering the inmates of the prisons. He failed; but while blaming him for his failure, it is but just to remember the almost insurmountable difficulties against which he had to contend. It is but just, also, to remember that, by protesting against that which he had not prevented, he exposed himself to almost certain death. In this last duty his wife took a noble part. The charms of her conversation and the nobleness of her somewhat ostentatious sentiments had won for her a high place in the esteem of her husband's political friends, the Girondists. This influence she used to urge them to make no truce with the *Septembriseurs*, the assassins of the prisoners. Nor were they slow to answer to a call which was that of their own consciences; and the National Convention was swayed by their character and talents. But, unfortunately, the legislature was weak and powerless, and the revolutionary cut-throat *Commune* was all-powerful. For the time Paris was a despot and the rest of France a slave.

With the fall of the Girondists came, of course, the fall of Roland. In January, 1793, he had resigned a place which it had for some time been a dishonor to hold. But this was not enough to appease such enemies as Robespierre, Hébert, and Marat. On or about the 31st of May, his arrest was decreed by the Revolutionary Committee, and he fled. His wife, who had something of the Roman in her composition, made no attempt to escape.

"I thought it quite right," says she, "that Roland should elude the popular fury and the talons of his enemies. As for me, their interest to do me harm could not be so great; to kill me would be an act so detestable that they would not care to incur its odium; to put me in prison would scarcely serve them, and would, as far as I was concerned, be no great misfortune. If they had some shame and went through the usual forms of interrogating me, etc., I should have no difficulty in confounding them; that might even serve to enlighten those who were really deceived with regard to Roland. If they actually instituted a new 2d of September [the date of the massacres], it could

only be in the event of their having in their power all the upright deputies, and of all being lost in Paris. In that case I would rather die than be a witness of the ruin of my country; I should feel honored by being included among the glorious victims sacrificed to the rage of crime. The fury assuaged on me would be less violent against Roland, who, once safe from this crisis, might again render great services to some portions of France. Thus one of two things must happen: either I am only in danger of an imprisonment and of a judicial procedure which I shall be able to render useful to my country and to my husband, or, if I must die, it will only be in an extremity in which life will be hateful to me."

To these reasons, as we shall have further occasion to show, must be added Madame Roland's love for one of the Girondist leaders. But such words, be it remembered, are not in her mouth mere empty gasconade. Nothing in her words or actions during the term of her imprisonment belies these sentiments. Never once did she stoop to beg any favor from her tormentors, or cease to speak to them with the contempt they deserved. But into the details of that imprisonment, and of her trial and death, we must forbear to enter. We will not describe the cruel farce of her release and recapture, the respect with which she inspired even the fallen women in the prison, the favors her gracious conduct procured from her guardians, the fears of the revolutionary tribunals lest her eloquent voice should be heard at the trial of the Girondists, the fortitude with which she bore the sharpest "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," the serenity of mind that enabled her to write her memoirs untroubled even in the shadow of death, and, lastly, the high courage with which she went to the scaffold. It was not a Christian end, for Madame Roland had long forsworn the faith of her early years; but it was an end of which a Roman or a Spartan might have been proud. Her husband, as she had prophesied, committed suicide on hearing of her fate.

There is, however, one point in Madame Roland's life and character to which we must revert, inasmuch as it forms the main feature of M. Dauban's interesting, though somewhat grandiloquent *étude*. It had always been suspected that, during the last year or two of her life, she had nourished for some one of the Girondist leaders a warmer affection than the cold friendship



and esteem she felt for her husband. She herself had made no secret of the fact, advertising to it pretty openly in several passages of her memoirs; but these passages had nearly all been suppressed by the first editor, M. Bose, and are only now restored. In her "last thoughts," written when she had abandoned all hope and was contemplating suicide after addressing her husband and her child, she exclaims,—

"And thou whom I dare not name! thou whom men will some day better appreciate, pitying our common sorrows, thou whom the most terrible of passions did not prevent from respecting the barriers of virtue, wouldst thou mourn to see me preceding thee to a place where we can love one another without wrong, where nothing will prevent our union? There all pernicious prejudices, all arbitrary exclusions, all hateful passions, and all kinds of tyranny are silent. I shall wait for thee there and rest."

The whole piece ends with these words: "Farewell. . . . No, from thee alone this is no separation; to quit the earth is to draw nearer to thee."

Hitherto the name, and, owing to M. Bose's mutilations, even the existence, of this Platonic though impassioned lover had remained doubtful. But towards the close of last year, an accidental *treasure-trove* of old papers cleared up the mystery. These papers contained several documents of great interest bearing on the fall of the Girondists, and, among others, some letters written by Madame Roland during her captivity to the proscribed Buzot, who had been one of the most ardent Girondist members of the Convention Nationale, and was then an exile and a fugitive vainly striving to rouse the provinces to resist the murderers of the capital. Four of these letters are printed in fac-simile by M. Dauban. The handwriting is neat and clear, and they are written almost without erasure. The sentiments are a mixture of patriotism, indignation, and intense personal tenderness. Her love for her correspondent and her determination to remain true to her husband create a conflict in her mind which finds expression in such passages as the following:—

"I scarcely dare to tell you, and you are the only one in the world who can understand, that I was not very sorry to be arrested. 'They will be the less furious, the less eager, in their pursuit of R.' [Roland], said I to myself; 'if they attempt any trial, I shall know

how to conduct it in a manner that will be useful to his glory;' it seemed to me that I was then giving him an indemnity for his sorrows; but do you not also see that, in being alone, I live with you? Thus, by my captivity, I sacrifice myself for my husband, and I keep myself to my friend; and I owe it to my tormentors to conciliate my duty with my love. Do not pity me! others admire my courage, but they do not know my enjoyments; you who must feel them likewise, oh, make them retain all their charms by the constancy of your courage."

The feelings to which these words give utterance form the groundwork of the four letters,—letters strangely rescued from oblivion to shed a glare of light on the characters of these two actors in a drama now long played out.

It is a phenomenon curiously illustrative of the manners of the time that neither Madame Roland nor Buzot, though both married, saw anything to be ashamed of in their mutual love. On the contrary, all the passages in their writings that relate to the subject tend to show that they were proud of it. M. Roland, the reader will not be surprised to hear, did not view the matter in the same light, and seems to have been deeply grieved. Doubtless, if Madame Buzot's opinion could also be obtained, it would be found equally unfavorable. But as regards the two lovers themselves, they appear to have thought that, so long as there was no actual violation of the marriage vow, their wife and husband respectively had no right to complain if they loved somebody else. In extenuation of this monstrous proposition it must, however, be remembered that, during the last century, adultery was by no means a rare sin on the other side of the Channel and that, therefore, so long as Buzot and Madame Roland stopped short of that offence they might have some excuse for thinking they had not strayed out of the paths of virtue.

One word more respecting the memoirs, and another respecting the rival editions of M. Dauban and M. Faugère, and we have done. The memoirs, as we have already said, were written in the few months of Madame Roland's captivity. They were written and preserved in the face of great difficulties and dangers, and a portion even perished in the flames. This sufficiently accounts for their fragmentary character. We may further state, for the benefit of such of our readers as

may not be acquainted with them that they consist of a very interesting account of the authoress's own early life, of sketches of her husband's public career, and of descriptions of many of the public characters with whom she had been brought into contact. The style, like that of most of her contemporaries, is pretentious, and wants naturalness and ease. It shows too many traces of Rousseau's influence. But there is something in which Madame Roland's admiration for that great writer has led her even more seriously astray. For it is probably to the influence of the "Confessions" that we owe those passages in the memoirs which a pure-minded woman ought never to have written, and for which a self-complacent determination to lay her whole heart bare to the public gaze is not a sufficient excuse.

Having spoken about herself with such absolute freedom, not to say license, Madame Roland doubtless thought she had every right to do the same concerning her child, her husband, and, indeed, any one she might have occasion to mention. It was, therefore, no wonder that, when, in 1795, two years after her death, M. Bose published the first edition of her memoirs, he should have suppressed many passages and altered others. In the two editions now before us, however, all these passages have very properly been restored. M. Faugere, who was on intimate terms with Madame Champagneux, the daughter of Madame Roland, obtained a correct copy of the original MS. while it was in her possession; and that correct copy is the text of his edition. On her death, Madame Champagneux, at M. Faugere's suggestion, left the MS. to the Imperial Library, where it has been carefully consulted by M. Dauban. Thus, as regards accuracy, there is, probably, not much to choose between the two. Unfortunately, however, M. Faugere has not thought it necessary to indicate the restored passages, and there M. Dauban has the advantage of him. But then, on the other hand, M. Faugere's two volumes contain some useful and interesting appendices which are wanting in his rival's work. But then, again, in addition to his edition of the memoirs, M. Dauban has given us a valuable sketch of Madame Roland's career and three or four documents of capital importance towards a correct estimate of her character.

F. T. M.

From The Spectator.

#### THE EFFECT OF NOVEL-READING ON GIRLS.

MISS BRADDON'S new book, the "Doctor's Wife," will be put to one use which, we suspect, she did not anticipate. It is a severe blow, administered by a novelist, to her own department of literature. Her patient and very unpleasant sketch of the effects of novel-reading upon a young girl's mind will be quoted everywhere as an argument against the habit, and many a cautious mother will ask her longing daughter, as she impatiently lifts her head from the fascinating volume, whether she is not afraid of becoming an Isabel Sleaford. The old household antipathy to novel-reading, which twenty years ago marked one half of English society, has not been so entirely suppressed as people who judge England by London are very apt to imagine. Fathers, even of evangelical principles, have, it is true, pretty much given way, partly because they see that novels are better than they were, partly because they have fallen into the habit themselves, and do not like the sort of restraint which accompanies a parlor Index Expurgatorius, but chiefly because they cannot help themselves, and prefer the habit of novel-reading to that of hypocrisy. With novels in every magazine, even those called religious, the compulsory abstinence either suppresses literature altogether, or leads to a practice of secret reading, more injurious to the character than any other phase of household deception. The mothers, however, of the middle class, have not quite given up the struggle, but have contented themselves with a rather clever shifting of the ground of objection. Very few in that class have now the courage to repeat the old assertion that all fiction is evil, though we see that Mr. Weaver, the pugilist preacher, still defends the doctrine of Omar, and holds that nothing should be read unless it tends directly "to feed the soul." He would not read a word of Burns or an "act" of Shakspeare, not he, and we entirely believe his assertion. He was once not alone in his thought, for half the religious world formerly needed sorely to ponder Robert Hall's smashing retort, "God no need of human knowledge! How much need has he of human ignorance?" That particular form of obscurantism is, however, nearly dead, and mothers have even been driven from

their great stronghold, the "impropriety" of such literature. Most novels nowadays are "proper" enough in substance, and taste as to non-essentials has grown rather laxer, if we may judge at least from the fact that a writer like Mrs. Wood gives us a whole chapter of the little incidents which precede a "confinement." There is not the smallest harm in it all, only the ancient ideas about the utility of verbal buckram become thereby slightly discredited. The mothers, therefore, in despair of maintaining the old ground, have retreated upon another position, one far stronger than any yet taken up. They do not argue that novel-reading perverts, or defiles, or destroys the imagination, but that it cultivates it too much, that it gives the girls two lives to lead at once, both, perhaps, equally good, and both in themselves pure enough, but sure to jar against one another. Their daughters, they say, are to marry plain, decent people, with just enough money to get along with, and the novels make them long for inaccessible heroes, people of boundless wealth and heroic horsemanship, perfect natures and an irresistible smile (there is a run on smiles!) till they hate the thought of life with that struggling doctor, or rising lawyer, or pre-occupied man of commerce. That the ideal hero is better than he used to be, "John Halifax, gentleman," instead of Charles Lovelace, does not much mend the matter; for John Halifax is as unattainable, thank Providence! as ever Lovelace was. The girls have to keep modest households neat, and the stories set them longing for luxury which they cannot get till, as Miss Braddon says, furniture without color, ottomans without flowers, paper without brightness, become of themselves a source of suffering. They have to be rather dull, and the tales give them pictures of life so bright, so full of incident and movement and color, that the contrast changes mere dullness into unendurable *ennui*. Girls cannot stay at home to-day as their grandmothers did thirty years ago. Above all they acquire, it is said, a most pernicious view of religious ethics,—the duties they ought to perform. Most English girls in the classes we speak of are wanted to lead "good" lives, to perform quiet duties, undergo little sacrifices, and spread a healthy atmosphere of reverence and purity and, where possible, charity, around their homes. The novels teach them,

say quiet old ladies, who are a great deal farther from being fools than the new generation ever will be, to despise this silent and uneventful worship, to long for careers, for duty which shall be great as well as useful, for some sacrifice which shall task all their powers of endurance, some life-long wearing of the hair shirt which almost everybody of either sex believes at heart must be pleasant and beneficial. Amaryllis, it is said, is good, and the milkmaid is good; but when the milkmaid reads stories till she wants to be, or thinks that she is, Amaryllis, she is sure at some time or other to spill the milk out of the pail.

That is the line of argument which a picture like Miss Braddon's fine etching of Isabel Sleaford is very likely to strengthen, and there is more sense in it of a hard kind than educated men will be quite willing to admit. They read many books, and see many people, and rub sharply against life's corners till their imaginations, even if affected by what they read,—a doubtful point after thirty,—are held under sharp curb and rein. Sir James Mackintosh was not the worse judge, but the better, for dreaming all day at intervals that he was Emperor of Constantinople. But girls as a rule do not read many books, pass their lives under restraints from etiquette and espionage of themselves very favorable to reverie, and have usually a large amount of time hanging idle upon their hands. Is it quite so certain that to them this filling up of the imagination with unreal pictures, this habit of dwelling in two worlds, this widening of the chasm which must always exist between the inner and outer life, between Jean as she appears to her Maker, and Jean as she appears to her friends, is altogether innocuous? The question puzzles a good many households where novels are as plentiful as loaves, and people whose judgments are not to be pooh-poohed as crusted with ancient prejudice.

On the whole, the verdict must, we think, be in favor of the novels, though with more reserves than it is quite the fashion to make. The objection rests, we think, upon two assumptions, neither of which is more than partially sound,—that the evils produced by reading are confined to novels, and that there is no positive good to counterbalance the possible ill result. Any exclusive system of reading is undoubtedly injurious to any half-

disciplined mind. Give a girl of fifteen nothing but history for two or three years, and her judgment will become as distorted as if she had passed the time in reading the wildest romances. She will not, it is true, imagine heroes with yellow whiskers and wild words of worship, but she will invest historic personages with charms they never possessed, grow enamored of the great deeds occasionally performed, and consider no man worth anything but those who resemble the exceptional and over-colored personages upon whom her mind has dwelt. It is as ill to long for Sir Philip Sidney as for Charles Lovelace. Miss Yonge in one of her books, we think the "Heir of Redclyffe," puts this effect very well when she makes her heroine sympathize strongly with a wild rage into which the hero puts himself because Charles I. is attacked. There are hundreds of girls in England who feel criticism on Charles Stuart as they feel criticism on their brothers, who believe that feeble, intriguing, Italianesque grandson of Rizzio to be a Paladin and a martyr. They may just as well worship John Halifax as their ideal Charles Rex. Exclusive reading of history is, in England at least, infrequent, but exclusive reading of theology is not, and its effect is at least as bad as that of the novels. There is nothing more pitiable in the world than the condition of an English girl nourished on the pabulum provided in some households,—on religious biographies, and tracts about the impulses, needs, and temptations of the soul, unable to move for fear of committing some sin, with a conscience debauched by confusion between things indifferent and things sinful, with a finger perpetually placed on her religious pulse. A woman may as well neglect all her duties while waiting for the hero with yellow whiskers as neglect them while waiting for the emotion which she believes will accompany conversion, had far better become discontented through hunger for the novelist's life than despairing because convinced she can never be forgiven by Heaven. The diseased conscience is as unhealthy as the diseased imagination, and produces much worse results; the Exstatica is rather less admirable than the Isabel Sleaford. Many people can recall the result of a similar devotion to music,—a conviction that all real life was insipid compared with the ideal life evoked by the glorious combination of sounds. The mischief

is not the kind of reading but the exclusive devotion to *one* kind, no matter what its object or its active machinery. Poor Mr. Weaver in running down Burns and Shakespeare thinks he is simply doing his duty. He is ignorant of the great fact, true of mental as of bodily physiology, that the constant eating of one dish, however wholesome or however simple of itself, produces disease, that the contempt which he thinks so self-denying and so grand is merely a symptom of mental indigestion. If he looks at the sun only for ten minutes, he will be able to see nothing else, but his sight is not the better for that.

The other argument is of course more of an *a priori* kind. It is, however, pretty safe to say that novel-reading brings to the ordinary mind at least as much good as ill. As we recently endeavored to show, reverie is of itself beneficial, and all that novel-reading can produce is reverie about characters and situations invented by other people instead of about characters and situations imagined by one's self. Isabel Sleaford, debarred from dreaming of Edith Dombey would have simply dreamed of Isabel Sleaford in Edith's situations. Suppose that the novels do produce the expectation of ideal heroes who never arrive, they also enlarge the standard of what a hero ought to be, confer the experience which the events of life give to the majority of men. John Halifax is absurd, and to make thinking imbecile; but John Halifax is not a bad standard by which to test the difference between Robert Smith the wine merchant's heir next door, and James Robinson the mellifluous curate who preaches in the neighboring church. So with the argument as to luxury. A girl may learn from some novels to dream of saloons and gilding, gardens and bright decoration, careful tendance and wishes gratified "with the bloom on," till she despises the brown, slightly stuffy, very nearly worn-out home rooms; but the effect of her scorn will not be merely dissatisfaction. It will also be an effort to improve the surrounding stuffiness, to add what of brightness and color and life is humanly possible to the prosaic originals. The taste is not perhaps elevated by such books, particularly in the matter of upholstery, but the experience is widened, and the mind had better be cognizant of two bad models than of absolutely none at all. As to the



religious excitement, English girls are pretty sure to get that whether they read novels or not, and an exaggerated external ideal is a good deal better than the one evolved by the introversion of thought which is the habitual substitute for light reading. Reading of impossible asceticism, such, for example, as is described in a recent novel in which the hero commits an injustice every hour rather than break a promise given under moral compulsion, at least forces the mind to consider what asceticism means, to realize it in action, and not simply admire or despise it as an abstract virtue or failing. The figures in the novel are, it is true, unreal; but they are not more unreal than the figures of flesh and blood which the girl thinks she understands. The glimpse given by the novelist of these heroes' inner minds is at least as accurate as the glimpse gained at a party or during a short period of courtship. John Halifax is not more unlike the reality than the John Smith whom Jean thinks she sees is unlike it, and both together are much nearer nature than either would be apart. Novel-reading, in short, if not too exclusive, is a kind of experience, and the only real question to be argued is whether experience is worth a woman's having. That is too large a subject for the fag end of an article, but we think sensible mothers, aware that it cannot be wholly avoided, will hesitate ere they prefer the ideals every girl creates for herself to the ideals her mind may accrete out of many books.

#### AN ITALIAN NUN.

*Memoirs of Henrietta Caracciolo, of the Princess of Forino, Ex-Benedictine Nun.* From the Italian. Bentley.

ONE has not far to seek for the reason why this book has sold by thousands in the land of its birth. Never were woman and nation more in sympathy than the ex-Benedictine nun and the Neapolitan people during the twenty years preceding the entry of Garibaldi into Naples, with which event the book closes. Both were in deadly conflict with spiritual and temporal powers,—the priest and the *sbirro*; but let the ex-nun put the case in her own words. "Take counsel and comfort," she says to herself in one of the most critical moments of her life, when she is all but making terms with her great enemy Riario Sforza, Cardinal Archbishop of Naples,—“take courage and comfort from the

history of your country; urged on by conflicting passions, governed by lax power, abandoned to strange seduction, a prey to snares which surrounded her on every side, unhappy Italy fell into bondage precisely as you have done. In the same manner she languished for long years imprisoned in the cloister, which princes, spiritual and temporal, erected for her; in the same manner she wept, she implored, she protested. Your own lot is analogous to these chances and changes; your expectation is alike,—alike your vows, even to your late efforts to recover the exercise of your free will." This sensitive, passionate, high-born, headstrong woman, in writing these memoirs from her heart, has reached the heart of thousands of her countrymen and countrywomen, who, in those years of humiliation and anguish, had groaned under the same malignant tyranny. She was a representative woman in her struggle, and fought the battle of her nation as none but a woman of her rank and ability could have fought it. For it is impossible to doubt that the priests and police would never have held their hands where they did, would not have been satisfied with driving her only to the very doors of madness and death, but that Henrietta Caracciolo was a cousin of the Prince of Forino, and a dozen other grandees, as well as a nun asking for secularization, and known to be in correspondence with the Secret Committee.

To put her story in a nut-shell: Henrietta Caracciolo, the daughter of a marshal in the Neapolitan army, after having been already desperately in love with two men, to one of whom she was actually engaged at the time, was forced into the convent of San Gregorio Armeno by her mother, at the age of eighteen, in the year 1840; won a partial deliverance in 1849; made use of her partial freedom to forward the views and plots of the leaders of the party of United Italy; was arrested by the police and imprisoned in a *ritiro* for upwards of three years; fought out again through her own indomitable courage; secularized in everything except the black veil, the symbol of celibacy; laid this last symbol of her past servitude on the altar of the church, where it had been given her twenty years before, on the day of Garibaldi's triumphant entry into Naples; and married "a man of middle life, whose elevated sentiments, in harmony with the firmness of



his character, won my esteem, and caused me from the first to hold him far superior to the generality of individuals of princely lineage. He bore engraved on his heart the sacred image of redeemed Italy; on his head a deep scar,—record of a wound received on the 15th May from the sabre of a Swiss." The Church of Rome, not unnaturally under all the circumstances, refused its assent to this marriage; so the ex-Benedictine nun and her admirer sought and obtained "the blessing of another church" (name not given) on their union. We wish them all manner of happiness. "Why may not I," she asks at the end of her book, "in fulfilling the duties of a good wife, a good mother, a good citizen,—why may not even I aspire to the treasures of the divine mercy?" Why, indeed? The mercy of every honest man and woman who reads her book will probably stretch as far as that; and we have yet to learn that the divine mercy is shorter.

This twenty years' struggle, then, is the subject of the book, about two-thirds of which are occupied with the internal life of the principal convent in Naples under the late Bourbon dynasty. The ex-nun is a thorough hater. She publishes her memoirs in order to justify the decree of Victor Emanuel's government suppressing the convents; and, if we could accept her as a perfectly fair witness, undoubtedly she establishes her case, that nuns are not only useless, but eminently hurtful to society,—a canker of the worst kind eating into its very heart. But we must take her evidence with great allowances and sets-off. In the first place, she never had the slightest leaning towards the life, and was driven to take the veil with the utmost difficulty, her whole will and conscience revolting against it from the very first. Again, the convent of Benedictine nuns in which she was placed, though the largest and most celebrated in Naples, can scarcely, we should suppose, be taken as a specimen even of those which flourished in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies under the reign of Bomba; for, unless we mistake her, the sisters were, without exception, rich women engaged in no active works of charity, and living, in spite of their vows, lives of luxury and idleness. And, even supposing the convent of St. Gregorio to have been a fair specimen of Neapolitan convents, it would be grossly unjust to argue from them

to those of any other European nation. Still, making all just allowances, we must admit that the book is a tremendous witness against the conventual system of Rome. "I cite date and place and person," writes the ex-nun; "it lies within the power of all to verify these." And, with this challenge, and the fear of exposure before her eyes, she states facts which establish her position, that in the convent in which she spent nine years were to be found "the morals of the age of the Borgias, the Medici, the Farnesi, the traditions of the Courts of the Colonna and of Pietro de Toledo, and the brutalized ignorance and superstitions of the populace at the epoch of the *auto-da-fé*." We seem to be reading of a harem on the Bosphorus, so far as the utter vacuity and aimless pettiness of the life of the inmates are concerned, while the comparison would scarcely be against the Eastern establishment in the matter of moral purity. The lady-abbess, a relative of her own, tells her on her entry, "You must keep yourself clear from the wickedness of others in the best way you can. All I can tell you is, that, if it requires the prudence of three to live in the world outside, believe me it requires that of twenty to live here within." Stronger condemnation of the system could scarcely be spoken. We must refer our readers to the book for the facts which justify it.

Next to the nun herself, the cardinal archbishop—polished, wily, cruel, and blundering, yet with a certain human interest in the object of his persecution—is the figure which comes out most clearly. We can quite sympathize with the sense of bitter wrong which had converted the girl, educated in strict habits of reverence and obedience to the priesthood, into the defiant woman who, while yet a nun, could walk into a cardinal's presence without kneeling, seat herself without a sign from him, and threaten him with a day of reckoning. But we must own that the cardinal in that last interview was not without something to say for himself. The sight of one of his flock, in her position, appearing in public places leaning on "the arm of liberals inscribed on the black book," could not have been otherwise than aggravating to the archiepiscopal feelings. We hope, therefore, that when, at parting, he gave her a benediction, adding, "Recite an Ave Maria for me," her answer, "Requiem eternam," was given in good faith.

The Englishman of the period turns up twice in the book, characteristically enough, —first in the shape of the captain of a vessel who insists on putting to sea with the heroine's father and his family (she being a child at the time) in a tremendous gale, and who, when remonstrated with, produces a paper setting out the trips he had to make before reaching London on New Year's Day, "when I am engaged to be married; and all the elements let loose together shall not deter me" —at which they laugh to hear an Englishman "express himself with such warmth on the subject of his 'passion,'" and are "enraged that he should have exposed our lives to danger for a caprice of his own." The second occasion occurs when she is kneeling before the abbess, her hair plaited in a single long tress, to which that lady is about to apply the scissors.

"A clear, strong voice at that moment sounded through the crowd; 'It is barbarous! Don't cut that girl's hair!' All turned round. 'Some madman,' it was whispered. It was an Englishman. The priests commanded silence, and the nuns cried to the superior, as she stood grasping the scissors, 'It is a heretic!—cut!' The hair fell, and I had taken the veil."

A young man, calling himself Father Ignatius, wearing fantastic robes, and given to sensational oratory of the Spurgeon type, is starring it about England just now for the purpose of reviving the Benedictine orders amongst us. Unless this gentleman is much libelled by the reporters, St. Benedict, were he alive, would clap him into the most un-

comfortable quarters at his disposal, and feed him with the bread of affliction and the water of affliction until he had learned to understand his own time better. Meantime, and in default of St. Benedict himself, these "Memoirs of an Ex-Benedictine Nun" will act as a healthy antidote to this mischievous nonsense. We will yield to no one in our respect and gratitude for the work which devoted women of all ranks amongst us are carrying on for the evangelization of our great towns. Even where they have combined in sisterhoods, with rules and costumes and vows of obedience, causing much local scandal and bitterness, we are glad to acknowledge that they have done good amongst the outcasts and helpless. But the greater prominence given by them to vows and costumes, the more they have aimed at copying the outside of mediæval patterns, at seeking to put new wine into old bottles, the less healthy has their work been. Miss Nightingale and Miss Sellon stand out as the representatives of the true and false method of our nineteenth century work for unmarried women; and the difference is, if possible, even more important in the case of men. We cannot, in short, afford to have monks and nuns back again in old England at any price, and are glad of any book which will give well-meaning people who have leanings in this direction authentic glimpses of what the institution means, and how it works in our day amongst continental nations.

T. H.

MR. GLADSTONE, in his speech at Bolton on the opening of Farnworth Park, the present of Mr. Barnes to the town, remarked on the extraordinary change which a few generations had made in the love of man for Nature. The Greeks, he said, however much of beauty they might have discerned in Nature, certainly had no sort of sympathy with the delight in detached individual objects,—a tree, or a stream, or a hill,—which is so often part of the common life of the poorest Englishman. Indeed, even a century or less ago "communion with Nature" would have sounded an unnatural phrase of gross affectation, while Wordsworth, who was the poetic high-priest of Nature, entirely disbelieved in the capacity

of people in general to enter into that communion, and wrote sonnets against their invasion of the Cumberland lakes. Now, said Mr. Gladstone, it is a sensible part of the life of the working-classes. It is certainly true and very curious that Nature, which up to Wordsworth's time was more or less an external world, has for the last half-century been amalgamating itself as it were with the mind of man, and penetrating in some sense *inside* his character, widening and perhaps also rendering more vague and misty, and endowing as it were with a sort of soft, dim beauty the range of his feelings. The pagan world worshipped the *powers* of Nature; we are in danger of worshipping its *symbols*.—*Spectator*.

From The Athenæum.

ROMAN DISCOVERY.

Rome, Sept. 28, 1864.

RIGHETTI, a wealthy commoner of this city, has lately purchased an old palace for an old song, being in one of the dirtiest parts of Rome, called the Biscione; it is close to the Piazza Campo dei Fiori, and not far from the Farnese Palace. Extensive repairs were indispensable, for the building was in a most rickety state, and, on setting people to work to dig for a foundation, they came upon a pavement composed of large slabs of that marble called "Porta Santa," which is a dull, veined marble, of a reddish hue, which comes from the Island of Iasus, in the Archipelago, and is properly called "Marmor Jasseuse;" it is, however, better known by its modern name, which it derives from its forming the jambs of the jubilee door at St. Peter's. This pavement was found thirty feet below the present level of this part of Rome; and here, likewise, they came upon a massive wall, near which they found a piece of building somewhat resembling a Noah's Ark without the boat; the sides were of brick and the roof was formed of large blocks of travertine resting upon these walls, and uniting with bevelled edges at the top ("rigging" as they call it in Scotland). There were two gable ends, each formed one huge block of travertine; on several of the blocks are seen, large and well-cut, the letters F C S, which, as yet, the archaeologists here cannot explain. Great difficulty was encountered in consequence of the hole continually filling with water, and preventing the work going on; but a steam-engine was procured to work the pumps, which are now plied night and day. On opening the "ark," it was found to contain a magnificent gilt bronze statue of a youthful Hercules, fourteen feet high, but lying on his back, or, as the Romans graphically describe it, "*panza per aria*."

In art, this statue equals the finest that ever Greece produced, and the careful manner in which it has been hidden and the means taken to protect it, argue that its value was known and appreciated. I suspect it must have been hidden in the fourth century to prevent its being carried off to Byzantium by the son of Constantine, who made off with everything he could lay his hands on in the shape of works of art, to enrich and adorn the city which thenceforward was to bear their imperial name. It is interesting to know that the coins found in and about the statue were those of Domitian, Decius, and Maximinus, commonly styled the *Herculean*. There were likewise coins of the Lower Empire.

Over the gilding, which is very thick and bright (and the *patina* of which is still perfect), is a rough calcareous incrustation, which must be carefully removed before the beauty of the statue can be thoroughly enjoyed. It was found imbedded in marble chips, such as form the sweepings of a sculptor's studio, and also wedged in by masses of architectural fragments. Inside the figure was found a very pretty little female head sculptured in Parian marble. The back hair is gathered up in a net, much in the style

as worn by ladies in the present day, and which fashion prevailed from the time of Heliogabalus down to Constantine, as we see by referring to other statues and busts. The period of art to which this little bust belongs is that of Constantine, and therefore inferior. Other relics may yet be found in the statue, which is far from empty.

On the first indications of this discovery, much speculation arose as to whether it were equestrian or not, and whether it might not prove to be a portrait statue of Pompey the Great, since the place where they are excavating is on the site of Pompey's Theatre, which was the first ever made of stone in Rome; and that its size was considerable is known from the fact that it accommodated twenty thousand spectators. These speculations as to what it is are now pretty well at rest, as the statue speaks for itself; at the same time, as there is a deal of that incrustation above mentioned adhering to the features, there are some who insist that it is a portrait of Domitian represented as Hercules. It has been raised to within ten feet of the surface, and men are busy exploring, in the hope of finding one of the feet, which is missing. The club has come up in three pieces, and the lion's skin, which has hung over the shoulder (similar to that of the Theban Hercules in the Vatican), and which has evidently been cast separately, is especially interesting to us moderns, as showing the mode in which the ancients executed their work of casting.

Hercules being the tutelary deity of Pompey the Great, it was natural that his image should be chosen to adorn the building he erected. As a work of art, this statue is far superior to that found in the Forum Boarium, which is also gilt bronze, and is now in the capitol. It has evidently been executed by artists in the time of the Empire, and stood in the Temple of Hercules in the Forum. The beautiful marble statue of Hercules bearing Telephus, which adorns the "Pio Clementino" in the Vatican, was found in the Campo dei Fiori and placed where it now stands by Julius the Second. It should be remembered that the noblest fragment of antiquity existing was presented by that same pontiff to the Vatican; it is a portion of a Hercules, and if I am not mistaken, I have seen a drawing by Flaxman, in which he restores it from an ancient gem representing Hercules and Hebe. This fragment was also found in the Campo dei Fiori (Pompey's Theatre), and is known as the Torso of the Belvidere.

WE learn from Rome that the uncovering of the colossal bronze statue of "Young Hercules," to which we called attention in last week's *Reader*, has revealed the entire length of the figure and that the feet have been cut off, but are in perfect condition, having been placed between the legs of the statue for preservation. The base of the figure includes a lion's skin; and the general conjecture is that the colossal statue itself once adorned the theatre of Pompey, the ruins of which are near the spot where the exhumation is going on, Pompey's devotion to Hercules greatly strengthening the conjecture. The

height of the statue is four metres, twenty-five centimetres. The actual value of the bronze is calculated at three thousand scudi, and the gold coating or gilding at one thousand scudi more ; but it is reported that the government, which reserved to itself, when selling the Palazzo Pio to Signor Righetti, the right of purchase, at an equitable rate, of all treasure-trove, will secure it at one hundred thousand scudi, about £21,000 of our money, for the Museo Vaticano. It will be placed in the centre of the octagonal Belvidere Court, over which a glass roof is to be raised for the purpose, and communications through openings in the walls will be made with the four cabinets which contain the Laocoon, the Apollo, the Mercury, and Canova's Perseus ; so that all these grand masterpieces of art will be visible from the base of the statue of Hercules.—*Reader.*

## TO BRYANT.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

WHAT time I ope, with reverential love,  
One of the charmed volumes of my choice,  
I hear, as in the cloisters of the grove,  
The solemn music of thy Druid voice.

All sights and sounds that can delight impart,  
Or whatsoe'er athwart thy vision swims,  
Before the altar of the world's great heart,  
Thou nobly breathest in undying hymns.

For thy broad love there is no flower too small,  
Nor scene too vast for thy encircling mind ;  
Thy heart is one with Nature's, yet o'er all  
Rises its sweet vibrations for mankind.

The faintest breath that finds a flowery nook,  
The flying winds with wise and gustlike locks,  
The pebble which the lapidary brook  
Rounds into form—or ocean-scorning rocks ;

The burnished blue-bird, with his springtime  
song,

The azure-winged runnels April call ;  
The timid wren, the falcon fierce and strong,  
The soaring water-fowl, the swooping fall ;

The glowworm's lantern and the lunar car,  
The midnight taper and the noonday sun,  
The pool where swims the lily like a star,  
The boundless sea, with lily sails o'erturn ;

The brooklet blade the lightest wavelet moves,  
Where childhood's paper sails are set unfurled,  
The antique home of shade, the oaken groves,  
Growing the ponderous navies of the world ;

The peaceful hearthstone and the roaring field,  
The song-bird and our eagle on his crag,  
The love of all that quiet home can yield,  
The love of country, freedom, and her flag,—

All these are thine, thou pioneer of song,  
Bard of the prairie and primeval grove,  
And unto thee our praise may well belong—  
Yea, more than praise,—the homage of our love.

And this is thine, and therefore I obey,  
And bow before thy Druid locks of snow,  
And on thy sacred altar here to lay  
My votive branch of western mistletoe.

DON'T SAY, NON POSSUMUS !

(VICTOR-EMANUEL TO THE POPE.)

Oh, may it please your Holiness

Behold me at your knee !

Vouchsafe unto my lowliness

United Italy !

Oh, speak the word this happy day

That concord shall restore !

Oh, come to terms, say " Yes," and say,

" *Non possumus* " no more !

Oh, if your gracious Holiness would only list to me,

And cease to say " *Non possumus*," how happy I should be !

St. Peter's patrimony fair

Shall still be all your own ;

And I'll engage to keep you there,

And guard you on your throne.

Your States, that gave themselves to us,

Ourselves their debt shall pay ;

So don't reply " *Non possumus*,"

But gently answer " Yea ! "

Oh, if your gracious Holiness would only list to me,

And cease to say " *Non possumus*," how happy I should be !—*Punch.*

## REDMOUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MORIKE.

How name you, King Ringang's little daughter?

Redmouth, rare Redmouth !

And what does she do the livelong day,  
Since she neither toils nor spins ? Alway

She hunts and she fishes.

Oh, were I but her huntsman bold,

To hunt and fish were joy untold !

Be still, O longing heart !

And ever and anon, the page—

Redmouth, rare Redmouth !

The page in her father's hall is wont,

On bounding steed, the merry hunt,

With Redmouth, to follow.

Oh that I but a king's son were,

So I, to breathe my love might dare.

Be still, presumptuous heart !

Under an oak they rested once.

Gay laughed rare Redmouth !

" Sir Page ! thy looks are bold I wot,—

Nay, kiss me if thy heart fail not."

Ah ! he shrank affrighted !

Yet thinks, " She grants my heart's desire,"—

And kissed her mouth with sudden fire

Be still, wild throbbing heart !

Then, as they silent homeward rode,—

Redmouth, rare Redmouth !

The boy's heart leaped with jubilant bound ;—

" Though thou, this day, wert empress crowned,

That could not daunt me.

Myriad leaves in the wood ! ye know,

I have kissed the sweetest lips that glow.

Be still, exulting heart ! "

L. E. P.